

The Daily Mirror

No. 389.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 31, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

COMMANDERS AND VICTIMS OF THE RUSSIAN MASSACRES.

PRINCE ASSASSINATED.



Prince Jourieli, chief of the Batoum police, and a favourite official of the Tsar, who has just been shot dead in the streets.

BEGAN THE FIRING.



Colonel Nakhitchevansky, of the Semonovsky Regiment, who ordered his men to fire on the strikers in the Novsky Prospect, St. Petersburg.



Major Orloff, Second Officer of the Semonovsky Regiment. Both he and Colonel Nakhitchevansky have been threatened with death for ordering the troops to fire on the strikers.

WHERE THE BRITISH CONSUL WAS ATTACKED AT WARSAW



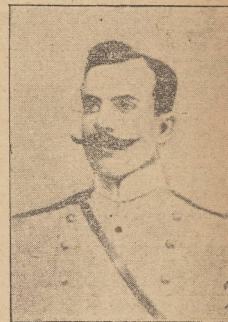
Wierzbowa-street, Warsaw, where Captain Alexander Murray, the British Consul-General for Poland, was attacked by a Hussar, only escaping through his assailant's horse slipping.

WHERE THE BRITISH PRO-CONSUL WAS ATTACKED.



Marzalkowska-street, the Regent-street of Warsaw, where the crowd smashed the street lamps, and where the British Pro-Consul, Mr. Mucukain, was ridden down by a squadron of cavalry, receiving two severe sword cuts on the face.

SHOOTING AT THE TSAR.



Lieutenant Hartsoff, one of the officers in the battery which fired at the Tsar during the ceremony of the blessing of the Neva, St. Petersburg. He has since been arrested.

THE WARSAW SLAUGHTER.



Captain Ratkoff, of the Cuban Cossacks. It was the Cuban Cossacks who ran amok and slaughtered indiscriminately in the Warsaw riots.



The first photograph is of M. Khishnikoff, of the St. Petersburg Liberal paper, "Our Life," and the second shows M. Ganheiser, of the Russian Liberal organ "Our Days." Both have been arrested by order of General Trepoft.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London EC

WARSAW OUTRAGE.

British Government Takes
Prompt Action.

GORKY IN DANGER.

Celebrated Novelist May Be Hanged
for High Treason.

VLADIMIR INTERVIEWED.

Iron Duke Says the Regime of Terror
Will Continue.

Prompt action has been taken by the British Government in regard to the outrage on the British Consul at Warsaw on Sunday.

A military attaché has been dispatched to Warsaw to make full inquiry into the matter.

Sir Charles Hardinge has addressed a further protest on the subject of the anti-British placards that have now made their appearance at Libau, as well as at Moscow.

The rumour that Maximé Gorky is in danger of being hanged for high treason has created world-wide attention.

It emanates from Berlin, and at present lacks any confirmation, but already a petition has been signed by many Italian deputies praying the intervention of their Government to save the novelist.

In the absence of any definite information, the only possible surmise to justify so severe a view as the Russian Government has taken is that the scheme for a provisional Government, copies of which were found on several of the persons arrested, implicates Gorky.

News from St. Petersburg shows that order is being strictly maintained there and at Moscow.

Warsaw was quiet yesterday after the disturbances of Sunday, but business is at a complete standstill.

Fresh strikes are reported from several provincial centres.

OUTRAGE ON BRITISH CONSUL.

Military Attaché Sent by the Government to
Warsaw To Make Inquiry.

The British Government has received a telegram from Captain Alexander Murray, H.M. Consul-General for Poland, confirming the report of a murderous attack which was made upon himself and Mr. Mucukain, the British Pro-Consul, in the streets of Warsaw on Saturday evening.

Major the Hon. H. D. Napier, the British Military Attaché, has been dispatched to Warsaw to inquire into the attack.

Captain Murray has seen much hard service in the Army, in addition to his experience as a British Consul.

INSULTS TO ENGLAND.

Sir Charles Hardinge Receives a Pacificatory
Note from Count Lamsdorff.

ST. PETERSBURG, Monday.—A telegram having been received here stating that placards similar to those published in Moscow had been posted at Libau, bearing the signature of the Governor of Courland, Sir Charles Hardinge, the British Ambassador, has addressed a vigorous protest to Count Lamsdorff against this repetition of the Moscow proceeding, at the same time pointing out that such proceedings cannot but have a deplorable impression in England, and cannot fail to produce a serious effect on the friendly relations between the two countries.

A note has been received by the British Ambassador from Count Lamsdorff, stating that the Minister of the Interior has telegraphed to the authorities at Moscow, instructing them to take all necessary measures immediately to remove all trace of the telegram from the Agence Latine placarded there.

His Excellency states that the security of the British colony and of the Consul is completely assured.—Reuter.

SHALL GORKY DIE?

Act of Tyranny That Would Bring
Execration on Russia.

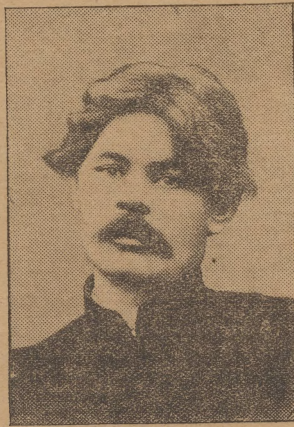
UNIVERSAL PROTEST.

Among the Russian reformers who lie in the dungeons of the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, awaiting their fate at the hands of Vladimir and Trepoff, none arouses more world-wide interest than Maximé Gorky.

The others are men of local reputation. Gorky's novels are even better known in Germany, in France, and in England than they are in Russia. The very idea that this famous writer, who can touch with so certain a hand the notes of pity and pathos, should suffer death at the hands of the common hangmen, has sent a thrill of indignation through the civilised world.

What is Gorky's crime? He loves his country, he values liberty too well, he will not truckle to the minions of Autocracy. He belonged to the small band of Russian liberators who met daily for some time before the revolution broke out, and whose names appeared on the list of members of a possible provisional Government.

Technically, he may have brought himself within the law. But what would happen if Gorky were to be hanged? The whole world would send up a



MAXIMÉ GORKY.

cry of execration. For Gorky's writings, his strange tragic history, have touched the heart of the world. His execution would stamp the tyrants for ever as sinners against the light.

The appeal of the "Berliner Tageblatt" to German men of letters, artists, and scientists to join in a protest against such a sinister possibility will find an echo in every land. To still the voice of this eloquent pleader in the cause of justice and humanity would be a hideous crime.

VLADIMIR THE IMPLACABLE.

He Justifies the Massacre and Says, "The
Soldiers Will Do Their Duty."

NEW YORK, Monday.—The New York "Journal-American" this morning publishes a most interesting interview with the Grand Duke Vladimir which his Imperial Highness accorded to Mr. Robert C. Long, the special correspondent of that newspaper.

The Grand Duke said: "In no city in any country in the world can street revolutions be permitted by the authorities. The military only did their duty, and they will do it again if necessary."

"The people in Russia are absolutely unfit for a constitution. There will be none. His Imperial Majesty the Emperor is unshakingly resolute on that point."

The correspondent ventured to ask whether there was any truth in the report that some of the troops had refused to obey the order to fire on the people on Sunday. The Grand Duke banged his fist on the desk, and almost shouted, "That's a lie!"

The Grand Duke commented with approval on the fact that the strikers had been fired on at Revel. In conclusion, the Grand Duke expressed his pride and fullest reliance in the Army, saying, "The soldiers will do their duty."—Central News.

A strike has begun at Kieff in Cretters' large engineering works, at the workshops of the South Russian Company for the manufacture of machines, and at the Graf Works. A number of bakers have also struck, and the price of bread is rising. Soldiers patrol the streets at night.

GIGANTIC LOSSES.

15,000 Killed and Wounded in the
Shaho Battle.

RUSSIAN REVERSE.

The Russian attempt on the Japanese flank has failed.

After a fight in which casualties estimated at 15,000 occurred the Russians have re-crossed the Hunho, pressed hard by the Japanese.

The artillery attack on the centre and right of the Japanese position is regarded in Tokio as merely an attempt to prevent any strengthening of the Japanese left.

Dispatches from the Russian army announce that the cavalry, under General Mischenko, has penetrated some miles to the south of Sandipu. There is great uneasiness in St. Petersburg as to the fate of this force.

RUSSIANS RETIRE.

Continuous Artillery Bombardment Main-
tained—Heavy Losses.

TOKIO, Monday.—A further dispatch from Marshal Oyama says that there is no material alteration in the situation on the Japanese centre and right, except for collisions between the scouts of the two armies, which occur constantly.

The Russian artillery keeps up a continuous bombardment of the Japanese left.

The main force of the Russians have apparently retired to the north-west as far as Changtang.

There are many Russian dead, but no estimate of the enemy's killed can be given yet.

15,000 KILLED AND WOUNDED.

TOKIO, Monday.—It is estimated that the casualties at Chenchiepao and Heikoutai were: Japanese 5,000, Russians 10,000.—Reuter.

WINTER A BAD ALLY.

Russians Thought the Snow Would Give
Them a Victory.

WITH GENERAL KUROKI, via FUSAN, Sunday.—The Russian attempt to turn the Japanese left has resulted in complete failure.

The Russians chose the worst weather of the whole season for this operation, perhaps relying on their familiarity with snow-covered country to aid them.

Their artillery attacks on the Japanese permanent line were only a demonstration with the object of preventing the withdrawal of any forces in order to strengthen the Japanese left.—Reuter.

WILLING RUSSIAN PRISONERS.

ROME, Monday.—A Tokio telegram states that in the various brushes at the front so many Russians have been taken prisoners that the suspicion that they allow themselves to be captured is now substantiated.—Exchange Company.

NORTH SEA INQUIRY.

New Light Thrown on the Origin of the
Russian Outrage.

PARIS, Monday.—Though the North Sea Commission has "settled into its stride," the Admirals were twenty-five minutes late in coming into the court. They have never yet been punctual to ten o'clock.

After Captain Johnson, a Swede, who yet preferred to give his evidence in English, had described his experiences on board the Aldebaran, and how he felt when the shots hit the vessel, Mr. O'Beirne, in reply to a protest of M. Nekudoff made what was thought, says Reuter, to be the first statement significant of the origin of the accident.

The Kametchka, he said, the Russian war vessel which followed behind the main fleet, thought it was attacked by a torpedo-boat, and fired on the Aldebaran.

It then communicated with Admiral Rojestvensky, and in consequence of the latter's communication with the ships of his fleet, the Russian vessels Aurora and Dmitri Donskoi thought they had been attacked by a torpedo-boat.

Prince Eitel Friedrich, says Reuter, has slept well, and his condition is satisfactory.

Next Monday the wedding takes place at Darmstadt of the Grand Duke of Hesse and Princess Eleanor of Solms-Hohen-Soms-Lich.

"DAILY MIRROR" THEATRE WEEK.

Further Particulars of Our Novel
Scheme at the Lyceum.

POINTS TO REMEMBER.

Place.—Lyceum Theatre, Wellington-street, Strand.

Date.—Next Monday, and every day during next week.

Time of Performances.—Afternoon, 3 p.m. till 5 p.m.; Evening, 7 till 9 o'clock; 9.15 till 11.15.

Prices of Admission to holders of "Daily Mirror" Coupons, which will be printed daily, beginning on Saturday.—Private Boxes, £1 1s. and 12s. 6d. Stalls, 2s. 6d. Dress Circle, 1s. 6d. Pit Stalls, 1s. Amphitheatre, 6d. Gallery, 3d.

Since we accepted Mr. Barrasford's offer whereby the *Daily Mirror* will manage the Lyceum Theatre during next week on the lines suggested in the recent discussion in the *Daily Mirror* on cheap amusements, letters of congratulation and advice continue to pour into these offices.

Some of our correspondents, however, hardly seem to have grasped the details already published about this interesting experiment in cheap amusement. We are asked when it takes place, and what prices are to be charged.

We therefore take the opportunity of repeating the particulars as to the date, the hours of the performance, and prices.

The *Daily Mirror* week begins on February 6—that is, next Monday—and ends on the following Saturday, February 11.

During that week the *Daily Mirror* will be responsible for fourteen or fifteen performances of two hours' each.

The afternoon performances will begin at three o'clock, and finish at five; the first evening performance will begin at seven, and the second at 9.15 p.m.; that at seven finishing at nine o'clock, and the last performance terminating at 11.15.

ABSOLUTE PUNCTUALITY.

One of our correspondents complains that at certain variety entertainments punctuality is not sufficiently insisted upon.

On one occasion lately, he says, he had to wait in bitterly cold weather twenty minutes later than the advertised time for the doors to open. And more than this, although the performance was advertised to end at a certain hour, and he had made his arrangements accordingly, it actually ended so much later that he had to choose between missing the finish and walking home afterwards.

He says he wishes to see the whole performance, but strongly objects to walk home after it.

Let him be reassured, so far as the *Daily Mirror* week at the Lyceum is concerned. One of the first things we shall insist upon will be absolute punctuality. We shall be "on time" to the minute. The performance advertised to be given at seven will begin at seven—neither earlier nor later. And it will finish at nine. The performance billed to end at 11.15 will end then and not at 11.30; and so throughout the programme.

NOTE THE PRICES.

Lest there should be any mistake about the prices to holders of *Daily Mirror* coupons (which will be printed daily in this paper, beginning on Saturday next) we repeat them:—

Private Boxes,	£1 1s. and 12s. 6d.	Pit-stalls	1s. 6d.
Stalls	2s. 6d.	Amphitheatre	6d.
Dress Circle	1s. 6d.	Gallery	3d.

With the exception of the amphitheatre and gallery, all the seats will be numbered and reserved.

These prices, we may remind our readers, are lower than those of any first-class place of amusement open in London.

Many correspondents are writing already asking where seats may be booked, and in some cases enclosing money for this purpose. May we ask them to await further particulars on this point until tomorrow, when we shall also give full details of the programmes which will be submitted at the various performances.

Lieutenant Guy Marston, First and Navigating Lieutenant of H.M. battleship *Russell*, of the Home Fleet, fell overboard from a boat off Villagarcia, but was rescued by some fishermen.

PICTURE POLITICS.

Mr. Harry Furniss Asked to "Save Mr. Chamberlain."

TALE OF A POSTER.

In the early days of Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal campaign, Mr. Harry Furniss, the well-known cartoonist, designed a striking political poster for the cause of tariff reform.

He displayed this yesterday in Marylebone County Court, where he sued the executors of the late Mr. Powell Williams, formerly M.P. for South Birmingham, for fifty guineas as its price, and an additional ten guineas for expenses.

Mr. Furniss, at the suggestion of the Solicitor-General, went to Birmingham in the autumn of 1903 to offer some designs that he had in support of Mr. Chamberlain's campaign.

As soon as Mr. Powell Williams entered the room of the Tariff Reform League, where the cartoonist was, he said that Mr. Furniss was the very man they wanted to design a poster to counteract one published by the "Daily News."

Then, to illustrate what they desired, Mr. Powell Williams, confessing he was not an artist, made a sketch depicting Mr. Chamberlain letting out at a monster fighter, whose head was a small loaf, a figure with a big loaf for head being in the background with a label bearing the words, "Ha, ha! That's a dot on the crust."

Mr. Furniss undertook to do it, but no price was fixed, and the poster, when finished, was hung up in the Tariff Reform Rooms. But afterwards, without any explanation, it was sent back to Mr. Furniss.

The "Dot on the Crust."

In the witness-box, Mr. Furniss said that his usual figure was 100 guineas for such a poster. Mr. Powell Williams suggested the words, "Ha, ha; that's a dot on the crust."

Mr. Furniss, mounting the Bench, held up the poster for the amusement of the Court.

"That is Mr. Chamberlain," he said, pointing out the prize-fighter in the cartoon. "I could not put in the orchid—(laughter)—but I put his eye-glass on the other side to make him look as young as possible." (Great laughter.)

Defending Counsel: Do you think Mr. Powell Williams, a business man, would give you an order without asking the price?—Well, he was surprised to see me, and at once said, "You are the only man who can save me from the slap we have had all over the country." He asked me to do this, and save their reputation.

He looked to you to save the Government—To save Mr. Chamberlain, at any rate.

The cartoonist admitted that he took about four or five minutes on the poster. He denied that his price had lessened in the last few years. Mr. Sambourne, of "Punch," had offered to give evidence in the action.

There was no quarrel on his leaving "Punch," he added. It was simply a case of price.

The Judge found for the plaintiff, awarding him fifty guineas and costs.

ABSENT-MINDED HUSBAND.

Nonchalant "Good-bye" After Seeing His Wife for the First Time in 19 Years.

As announced yesterday, John Root, once of Brantree, Essex, reappeared at his Essex home on Sunday after an absence of nineteen years, inspected his seven children with pleased curiosity, ate a hearty dinner, and then wandered off again into the vague unknown.

Mrs. Root gives a vivid description of his unemotional behaviour.

"His manner was just the same as ever, and he might never have gone away for all the emotion he showed."

"He stared strangely at the children, and when I told him their names he listened carefully, and murmured 'So.'"

When asked where he had been, Root thought hard for a while. Then he said he had "been in ships."

Pressed for further particulars he said "Main Asylum," and relapsed into silence.

Presently he drifted out into the street. "Good-bye, Polly," he said pleasantly. Then he went away, and probably forgot all about his visit.

"4" OR "2."

Though worth £250,000, Mr. James North Luffing, late of Streatham, did not employ a solicitor when making his will.

He left over £65,500 in charitable bequests, including a sum to the London Congregational Union. At first £4,000, the "4" had been altered to "2." There was a dispute as to whether the alteration was made at the time of the execution of the will. The Probate Court yesterday decided it was.

The Countess of Stamford and Warrington, widow of the seventh Earl, has died at Bradgate, Leicester.

10,000 MILES IN A KETCH.

Brighton Voyagers Describe the First Part of Their Adventurous Trip.

Captain Napper, who, with Mr. Langford, left Brighton on August 20, 1904, in a little ten-ton ketch-rigged craft for the Australian pearl fisheries, has sent an interesting letter home.

The adventurous voyagers arrived at Cape Town on January 5, having accomplished 10,000 miles in 105 sailing days.

"Not bad work," writes Captain Napper, "considering that for some days we had to rely upon the sails for steering, having lost the rudder. Soon after our arrival a large sailing ship from London entered the harbour, having been 119 days out."

"Shortly after leaving St. Vincent on October 14 we discovered a stowaway—a little nigger—concealed under some oilskins, and styled him 'cook.'"

"My dog Nelson is dead. He went mad and, jumping overboard, was lost in the darkness."

"While at Cape Town a company of gentlemen asked to join them in working new South African pearling beds. Should we meet with success we shall proceed no further."

The object of the expedition was to discover a younger brother of Mr. Langford, who had not been heard of since he left Fremantle, Australia, for home in May, 1903. Ten months' provisions were carried.

GENERAL MISTCHENKO.



Who is in command of the Russian cavalry with General Kuropatkin, and has just been wounded in the leg in a battle on the Sha-ho.

SIR FRANCIS JEUNE RETIRES.

His Services To Be Recognised by Elevation to the Peerage.

Sir Francis Jeune has resigned his judicial duties and a peerage is to be conferred upon him for his distinguished services.

On inquiry at Sir F. Jeune's town residence yesterday the *Daily Mirror* was informed that Sir Francis has not yet decided what title to adopt on being raised to the peerage. He is still seriously indisposed.

Sir Francis has addressed a letter of farewell to the Bar, through Mr. Bargrave Deane, K.C., as leader of the Court.

In this communication he states that ill-health had caused him to retire, and that it was also in consequence of his health that he was not able to take a formal farewell of the Bench and Bar in Court or in the Hall of his Inn, as he had desired to do.

Among those mentioned in connection with the vacant Judgeship are Mr. Justice Bucknill and Mr. Pickford, K.C.

A full sketch of Sir Francis Jeune's career will be found on page 11.

FIREWORK FACTORY ABLAZE.

Fire broke out last evening in the Cadwell firework factory, Wandsworth, and before the flames could be subdued a quantity of material in the "cup" shed exploded, injuring two persons. The shed was destroyed, but the fire brigade prevented the outbreak spreading.

BEGGAR-WOMAN OF 92.

In spite of her burden of ninety-two years, Mary Ann Harrison, of Kilburn-lane, is a sturdy-looking woman.

She was charged with begging, but declared she got her living by selling matches. Mr. Paul Taylor discharged her.

REVIVAL IN LONDON.

Great Preparations for the Opening Next Saturday.

NOTABLE SUPPORTERS.

The Torrey-Alexander mission at the Albert Hall will have an auspicious opening on Saturday evening. From the printed programme of the inaugural meeting it appears that the evangelists will be supported by a large array of well-known laymen, clergymen, and ministers.

Lord Kinnaird will preside, and the list of speakers, in addition to Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander, includes the Revs. Prebendary H. W. Webb-People, F. B. Meyer, A. W. Gough, and G. Campbell-Morgan. On the platform will be two Bishops, four knights, two M.P.s, and one D.D. "The Moody and Sankey movement will be completely eclipsed," said a member of the Executive Committee yesterday.

It is now finally decided that there shall be no penitential forms such as is used in the Salvation Army and the Welsh revival. Instead several rooms are to be set apart for spiritual inquiry, with a staff of "workers" in readiness to expound the truth to such as are troubled in mind.

Records of Conversion.

These co-workers with the evangelists have been selected with special regard to their qualifications for the delicate trust reposed in them. Many members of the aristocracy have volunteered and been appointed to the office of leading penitent men and women to the new life. When a person rises in the audience and indicates spiritual agitation, he or she will be taken in hand by a steward and guided to the nearest inquiry room.

A record of professed conversion will be taken each day and the weekly totals announced every Saturday night. Names will not be read out except at the request of converts wishing in this way to accentuate the dividing line between their past and their future lives. Dr. Torrey is a strong believer in the moral value of a public confession, but he has sympathy with retiring natures, whose conversion may be none the less real for their timidity.

STORM IN A LADIES' CLUB.

Committee Resigns Because Bedroom Card-parties Are Objected To.

Serious trouble has entered into the hearts of the "club-ladies" of London owing to the action of an important West End club, whose committee has resigned rather than permit a lady of title to have card-parties in her bedroom.

The lady in question is said to have entertained in her room "a gentleman and another lady, a member of the committee."

Directly her card-parties were objected to she resigned, and the committee-lady was asked to follow her example.

The latter, slighted, said "such parties had been sanctioned during the late ownership." The other committee-ladies, feeling slighted also, resigned in a body, except one.

Material was at hand for a meeting. It was held. Sequel: "Important Notice," stating that the untrue allegations that the club was bankrupt had been maliciously and deliberately circulated.

Meanwhile, the clubmen are saying: "Didn't we always tell you the woman's club movement would turn out like this?"

HOME CLUB FOR WOMEN SERVANTS.

So great has been the success of the Men-servants' Home Club, that Lady Hope is making strenuous efforts to establish one for women servants in the West End of London, to which they can resort during their leisure, and when they are out of a place. Only £2,000 are required to take and furnish a house for the purpose, and donations will be gratefully received by Lady Hope, at 7, Connaught-place, W.

LAST OF THE LINE.

At Bradgate House, near Leicester—famous as the birthplace of the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey—the death took place yesterday of the Countess of Stamford and Warrington, widow of the seventh Earl, who died in 1883.

The Earldom of Stamford is one of the most ancient in the peerage, and by the death of the Countess it becomes extinct, as the late Earl was the last of the line.

CHILDREN AND THE STAGE.

"Such children would not be allowed in any factory," said the Blackburn bench yesterday in reluctantly granting permission for two children, whose education had been neglected, to appear in pantomime.

One—a girl aged eleven—was only in the second standard, and the other—a boy of thirteen—was in the third.

BILLIARD CHAMPIONS.

Roberts and Stevenson Will Probably Ratify a Match This Week.

A match between John Roberts and H. W. Stevenson will probably be ratified as the result of the challenges and counter-challenges which have been forthcoming from both sides during the last few days.

The veteran champion, however, is unwilling to concede 2,000 in 18,000, as suggested by Stevenson and Dawson. He says his offer was to concede 2,000 in 20,000, and from that position he is not likely to budge. Roberts is, however, willing to accept the side wager of £100 suggested by both Stevenson and Dawson that he will not beat them by more points than he concedes.

It is understood that Stevenson and Roberts are to meet this week to endeavour to come to terms. John Roberts is at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, the scene of so many of his old triumphs, endeavouring to concede that rising young player, T. Reece, 5,500 in 18,000 up, for a stake of £50 a side.

Asked yesterday by the *Daily Mirror* to further discuss the matter, Stevenson, who was opposing W. A. Lovejoy, the ex-amateur champion, at the Grand Hall, Leicester-square, replied that he had little to add to what had been published. If, however, Roberts is in earnest, he need only accept the offer of the appointment, which has already been made, to ensure a match between them.

2,000,000 FEWER PASSENGERS.

Electric Cars Have a Deadly Effect on South-Eastern Railway Traffic.

"They were feeling more strongly than ever the competition of the electric-trams," said Mr. H. Cosmo Bonsor, who yesterday told South-Eastern Railway shareholders that they had had a bad half year.

Compared with the corresponding period of 1903, they had carried 2,100,000 fewer passengers; which represented in money something like £20,000. Their receipts did not cover additional expenditure they had been put to.

They could never hope to compete with the electric-trams. The only way they could meet this competition was by taking off a certain number of trains put on for the accommodation of the working-classes, and also by the partial closing of some of the stations principally affected.

A shareholder described the report as "very dreadful," and expressed the opinion that the Board ought to retire.

Another shareholder, Mr. Craik, asked for better accommodation at Hastings, and described the tunnel and station there as "a blot on the fair face of Hastings."

Mr. H. Landau said the whole trouble was due to their marrying "that wretched devil," the Chatham line. The report was eventually adopted.

MAN ON FIRE.

Engine-Driver Travels Enveloped in Flames at Thirty Miles an Hour.

The horrifying spectacle of an engine-driver in flames was witnessed yesterday as a train sped through Willesden Green Station at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

He seemed to be clambering over the tender to get to the water tank.

As quickly as possible the train was pulled up, when the unfortunate man was found to be a mass of flames—clothes, hair, and beard being all ablaze.

He was at once taken to the stationmaster's office and his clothes ripped off, but his injuries are very severe.

The stoker was also burned in trying to extinguish the flames.

£3,000 FORGERY CHARGE.

Charged with a forgery stated to involve very wide ramifications, and amounting to £3,000, John Henry Meyer, a Bishopsgate-street merchant, came before the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House yesterday.

Meyer, at his offices, had been associated, it was stated, with a man of very bad character, "wanted" by Scotland Yard. Large sums of money, dishonestly obtained, had, said a detective, passed through Meyer's hands. He was remanded for a week to two sureties of £500 each.

OLD WOMAN'S BRAVE STRUGGLE.

In spite of her old age and feeble condition, it was not without a terrible struggle that Mrs. Hannah Williams, of Birkenhead, was murdered in her own house.

The furniture was lying about in disorder, and the poor woman managed to get the door open, and call for help before she was finally struck down.

A postman delivering a letter to the house at the time of the murder had it taken from him by a man whom he declares he can identify.

WARD IN CHANCERY.

Wedding for Which the Bridegroom Suffered Imprisonment.

UNHAPPY ENDING.

When counsel spoke the words "Married a ward in Chancery," a thrill of expectation ran round the Divorce Court yesterday, and when to this was added the words, "was imprisoned for six weeks by the Lord Chancellor" expectation was changed into excited sympathy.

It is very rarely that the Divorce Court has to lay its rough hand on marriages made in defiance of Lord Chancellors. To the credit of fair wards and bold young gentlemen who run off with them, the resulting marriages almost invariably turn out too well for that.

The young lady who was the central figure of yesterday's exception to the golden rule was a beautiful dark-eyed, dark-haired Irish girl, with a tall, willowy figure, just the sort of girl that a novelist would choose to defy a Lord Chancellor with.

Her name, she told the Court, speaking with a pretty Irish inflexion, is now Charlotte Elizabeth Rose Francis Todd, and she was married to Mr. Justice Barnes.

The Lord Chancellor Angry.

Mrs. Todd agreed. She used to call herself before her marriage, when she was Miss Massey, Rose for short, she added.

Her wedding was in 1891, at St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington, England, but it was the Lord Chancellor of Ireland who was exceedingly angry.

Miss Massey was an Irish young lady, heiress to landed property in Ireland under the will of her father. Mr. Francis Stewart Henry Todd, an Englishman, had dared to marry her without the permission of the Irish Lord Chancellor, her legal guardian.

Mr. Justice Barnes was for a moment puzzled. As Mr. Todd married the ward in England, far away from the Irish Chancellor's jurisdiction, how was it that the bridegroom had fallen a victim to durance vile?

Mrs. Todd's answer made the matter clear. The bold young man did not escape the penalty. He paid a visit to his bride's native country after the wedding. He was immediately seized and confined for six weeks in a deep dungeon or something of the sort in Dublin.

It seemed a pity that the story would not end here—that Mr. Justice Barnes could not say: "I pronounce a decree that you live happily with your husband for ever afterwards."

It would spoil this narrative to relate in detail what Mrs. Todd said he did to her—how he threw tea-cups at her, and brandished a razor at her. A veil must be drawn, too, over an intrigue which he was stated to have engaged in with a married lady at Guildford.

Suffice it to say that his Lordship granted a decree nisi.

SLEIGHT-OF-HAND ROBBERS.

Tea-shop Till Emptied in Broad Daylight by Two Customers.

Broad daylight did not deter two respectfully-dressed men of medium height, clean-shaven, and gentlemanly, from a daring robbery of the till in King Edward's Tea Rooms, Copthall-avenue, a favourite haunt of members of the Stock Exchange.

The thieves entered separately and took seats in different parts of the room. By this manoeuvre both the proprietress and her assistant had to leave the room at the same time.

Seizing the opportunity one of the men went to the desk, and, making a show of selecting some cigars, dexterously cleared the till. None of the many customers present suspected anything.

A few minutes later the thieves left the place, and the first intimation of the robbery that the proprietress had was when a gentleman coming in handed her the money-bowl, which he had picked up on the mat outside.

The thieves have not yet been traced.

ONE CUP OF
PLASMON
Cocoa

Contains more digestible nutriment than 1lb. of Beef Steak or ten cups of any other cocoa.

VIOLENCE IN COURT.

Infuriated Witness Attempts To Strike a Prisoner.

A startling incident interrupted the proceedings at the inquest yesterday on Elizabeth Jane Rickus, who was murdered last Thursday at Gosterwood-street, Deptford.

Her husband, an insurance agent, stated in his evidence that Edward Harrison, the dead woman's father, had frequently threatened her because she refused to give him the address of his wife, who was separated from him. One day last December, the witness said, Harrison knelt on the doormat of their house and exclaimed: "If I do not soon know where she is there will be murder here."

Harrison, who has been arrested for the murder, was in court in the custody of warders. He put numerous questions to Mr. Rickus, making allegations of impropriety in coupling the latter's name with that of his wife.

Though Mr. Rickus indignantly denied these suggestions Harrison persisted in his questions until at length the witness, goaded beyond endurance, seized a water-bottle, and, raising it ready to strike, rushed towards the man in custody. The coroner's officer dashed forward, and was just in time to restrain the infuriated witness.

Harrison's wife, who denied her husband's insinuations. The jury returned a verdict of Wilful Murder against Harrison, who was committed for trial on the coroner's warrant.

LIFE IN THE TROPICS.

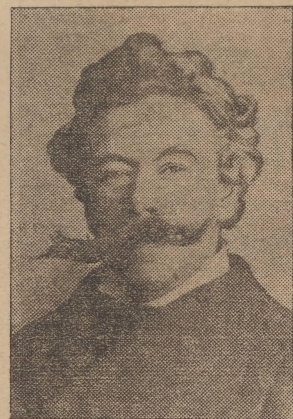
Complications in the Household of a Burma Police Inspector.

There must be something prejudicial in the air of Burma to the cultivation of the domestic virtues. Far too many divorces come from Burma and Further India.

One came before Mr. Justice Barnes yesterday, under the heading "Wife's Divorce—Prendergast v. Prendergast."

Mrs. Prendergast was married to her husband, who is a district inspector of police, at Rangoon in 1889. After a time he behaved cruelly—so cruelly

NEW TREASURER OF GRAY'S INN.



Mr. H. C. Richards, M.P., who has just been elected Treasurer of Gray's Inn. It is believed that he is the first lawyer who has been elected to the position within twenty-five years of his call to the Bar. ("Daily Mirror" copyright.)

that she had to ask a friend to come and protect her, she said. She had to hide her husband's revolver and razors owing to his threats.

They came to England when Mr. Prendergast got his furlough, and here an acquaintance that the inspector formed with a young woman at Eastbourne added to the unhappy complications.

At this period the husband suggested a separation, but Mrs. Prendergast refused.

When they returned to Burma, however, Mr. Prendergast continued his cruel behaviour. So Mrs. Prendergast instituted divorce proceedings, and yesterday got a decree.

200,000 PIECES OF PIRATE MUSIC.

In a shed in Boundary-lane, off Camberwell-road, were found 200,000 copies of musical pieces alleged to have been pirated from Messrs. Francis, Day, and Hunter.

Two vans were employed in removing the "haul" to Kennington-lane Police Station—a task which occupied five and a half hours.

MAN UNDER THE BED.

Burglar Unearthed from His Hiding-place in a Lady's Flat.

Looking under the bed of a night to see whether anyone is there is a feminine custom which has been much derided, but Mrs. Helen Stewart, a young lady occupying one of the top flats in Holbein House, Sloane-square, has reason to consider it a useful practice.

On Saturday night at half-past ten, when she was partially undressed, she thought she heard a noise, and she lifted the bed-clothes and got rather a shock when she saw a man's boots under the bed.

She summoned assistance, and several neighbours and Mr. Beck, the superintendent of the flats, came in response. The intruder, Patrick Fitzgerald, alias Fry, Hawkins, and others, who is stated to have spent eight years in prison, and to have completed a long term of penal servitude only a week ago, was pulled out.

"It's all right," he said insolently. "The lady is my wife."

When the constable came he had a desperate struggle to take the prisoner down the concrete stairs of the flats. He was tripped up, and had to call for assistance of several police and private individuals.

Mr. Horace Smith, at Westminster Court yesterday, committed Fitzgerald for trial.

COLONEL YOUNGHUSBAND.



That strained relations arose between Colonel Younghusband and the British Government over the wide discretion he used as political agent with the Tibet Expedition, is shown by the blue-book published yesterday.—(Elliott and Fry.)

COMEDY IN COURT.

Flashes of Racy Humour Between Counsel and County Court Judge.

"Until the bell rings at Lincoln," said counsel in Southwark County Court yesterday, in solemn tones, "every racing man is out of work."

Thomas Cracknell, head lad at Hickey's stables, Woodcote End, Epsom—the stable where Mollia, last year's Grand National winner, was trained—had just stated that he was out of work.

He had applied to the Court to have a judgment order given to a fishmonger altered so that he might pay it by monthly instalments.

Counsel said the lad had spoilt the domestic peace of his client, who was a married man, by alleging he drove about Epsom with a lady.

His Honour: I don't believe in all this sensitiveness among fishmongers' wives of the Borough and Epsom ladies.

Counsel: If he wins here the victory will be celebrated with a burst of champagne. I wish my client was not at home in bed; he could tell you something.

His Honour said he might perhaps be better there, and made an order for £1 a month.

REPRISALS WITH CROCKERY.

Although Mrs. Florence Evelyn Wood did not remember threatening her husband with a carving-knife and hurling a sugar-basin at his head, she recollected throwing a beer-jug at his sister.

Cruelty on the part of her husband was the reason she alleged in the Divorce Court yesterday in her petition for a judicial separation.

Though a servant said that Mr. Wood gave way to drink in 1889, his Lordship held the cruelty had not been proved, and dismissed the petition.

New York servants are in future to be called "domestic employes."

"DAILY MIRROR" GENERAL ELECTION.

Result of Our Canvass in Yorkshire Constituencies.

LIBERAL WAVE.

Political Complexion of the County Likely To Be Largely Altered.

We give to-day further results of the *Daily Mirror* general election canvass.

We deal with Party prospects in Yorkshire. In the largest county of England, as in the West, considerable Liberal successes are expected.

It is estimated that the Liberals will secure thirty-three seats and the Conservatives nineteen. At the last election the figures were:—Liberals, 26; Conservatives, 26.

Our canvassers' returns give an unmistakable Liberal complexion to the city of Leeds, and restore, after ten years' interval, the Liberal preponderance in Hull.

In the rural constituencies of Yorkshire, where Nonconformity is strong, fierce opposition has been aroused to the Education Act.

Indeed, in several constituencies tariff reform is completely overshadowed by the political grievances of the dissenting bodies.

Compared with 1900.

A comparative table, showing the political representation of the seats in 1900 and, as forecasted, at the next election, is appended:—

	1900 Election.	Coming Election.
Yorkshire Towns	C. 1.	C. 1.
	17	9
Rural Seats	9	17
	17	9
Total	26	26
	19	33

Net Liberal gain: 6.

The nine seats which the Liberals are likely to gain and the three which the Conservatives may win are as follow:—

LIBERAL GAINS.	CONSERVATIVE GAINS.
BOROUGHS:	BOROUGHS:
Bradford E.	Huddersfield.
*Halifax.	Scarbrough
Hull E.	
*Middlesbrough.	
Leeds E.	
Sheffield (Brightside)	
RURAL:	RURAL:
Barkston Ash.	Skipton.
Doncaster.	
Shipley.	

* A gain of a seat to the Labour Party is counted a Liberal gain.

The predicted results in detail from Yorkshire are as follow:—

YORKSHIRE BOROUGHS.

Bradford (Central)—Mr. Wanklyn (C.). No change.

Bradford (East)—Alderman W. E. B. Priestley (L.). Liberal gain. Mr. Priestley has strong local claims, and will have the "pendulum" on his side.

Bradford (West)—Sir Ernest Flower (C.). No change. The Progressive vote will probably be divided between the Liberal and the Independent Labour candidate.

Dewsbury—Mr. Runciman (L.). No change. The great majority of the electors are free-traders, among whom are the largest manufacturers.

Huddersfield—A three-cornered fight will probably enable Mr. J. Foster Fraser (C.) to capture the seat. Conservative gain. Mr. Russell Williams (Labour) has entered the field against Sir James Woodhouse (Liberal), who will be handicapped by the fact that the free trade system distinctly operates against the town's staple industries—viz., worsted and woollen manufactures.

(Continued on page 10.)

Keep the Blood Pure
And the Health of the System will follow.

THE BLOOD being the source from which our systems are built up, it is important that it should be kept pure. If you suffer from any Skin or Blood Disease, such as ECZEMA, SCROFULA, SCURVY, BAD LEGS, BLOOD POISON, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, BOILS, PIMPLES, etc., you should test the value of

CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE

The World-Famed Blood Purifier.
Of all Chemists. Beware of Imitations.

LABOUR'S BID FOR POWER.

Great Sums Being Spent to Create an Independent Party.

FIFTY CANDIDATES.

The Independent Labour Party are making a bold bid for "honours" at the coming general election.

In conjunction with the Labour Representation Committee (to which they are affiliated) they have some fifty candidates in the field, and there is no lack of funds wherewith to prosecute the campaign.

At the last general election the I.L.P., with its 250 branches all working hard, spent something like £15,000. This time it promises much greater things.

Mr. Francis Johnson, secretary of the Party, told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday that it is believed a much increased Labour representation will figure in the next Parliament. A factor supporting this belief is that in most cases the sitting candidates are not particularly strong men, and depend in many cases on local interest.

Having more funds at its disposal than formerly the I.L.P. hopes to pay salaries of £200 and £250 to its successful candidates, with an average of about £300 as election expenses. At present Mr. Keir Hardie and Mr. Will Crooks each receives a salary of £200.

The strongest Independent Labour candidates now wooing the constituencies are Pete Curran (Yarrow), Ben Tillett (Eccles), Will Torme (South West Ham), Fred Jowett (West Bradford), with J. Keir Hardie, M.P., D. J. Shackleton, M.P., A. Henderson, M.P., and Will Crooks, M.P.

Nineteen Labour candidates are opposed by Conservatives only, five are opposed by Liberals only, and seven are opposed by both Liberals and Conservatives.

"KING'S LABOUR TENTS."

In Which the Church Army Relieves Eight Hundred Cases a Day.

H.M. THE KING'S LABOUR TENTS,
Under the Management of the Church Army,
Clare Market, round the corner.

DON'T GIVE MONEY IN THE STREETS,
but

WORK TICKETS, securing Food and Lodging.

The notice staves at the Strand from the great County Council board at Aldwych—the biggest notice-board in all London.

The Rev. Wilson Carlile showed the *Daily Mirror* yesterday his Majesty's explicit permission to use the words, "The King's Labour Tents," of which part of the cost has been defrayed by the King's gift of £100 to the Church Army. "The novelty of the scheme," said Mr. Carlile, "is that work goes on all day and all night, so that anyone who is brought in, say, at 2 a.m., will find work awaiting him."

"The day is divided into eight shifts of three hours each, and 100 men are kept going at a time. In this way we relieve 800 cases a day."

MARTYR'S DAY.

"Legitimists" Imitate "Mr. Dick" in Remembering King Charles I.

Harmlessly, almost pathetically, enthusiastic, the "legitimists" who still hold loyalty to the memory of Charles I., and declare him a martyr, flocked yesterday (the anniversary of his beheading) to the statue in Trafalgar-square with decorations and wreaths.

From the Royal Oak Club, Edinburgh, came a great crown of yellow blooms, with "Carolus I." in red, and tied up with white silk ribbon, bordered with black.

A card, bearing the imposing name of "Aloysius Lumby, Chairman," was attached to the wreath of the Thames Valley Legitimist Club, which bore an inscription: "For God and the King."

"Another wreath had this legend: "From the White Cockade Legitimist Club, Holywell, Huntingdonshire."

Cursed be the heart that had the heart to do it,
Cursed be the blood that let this blood from hence.

An unrecognised mysterious order sent a wreath of white roses. Attached to it by a prosaic card were the fateful words: "From the Order of the White Rose. Remember!"

All the wreaths had been submitted to the Commissioner for Wreaths and Forests for approval, because some years ago a too zealous Jacobite had placed a seditious inscription at the foot of the statue.

TOUTING FOR COFFINS.

The undertakers' "tout," who watches outside a house where a death is expected, and, almost before the breath is out of a person's body, knocks and gives quotation for a funeral, causes much offence in Lancashire.

The Preston and District Funeral Directors' Association are at last attempting to put down the disgraceful practice.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P., will arrive in London on Saturday from his South African tour.

Lieutenant-Colonel Benyon, D.S.O., has been appointed to the staff of Lord Kitchener as officiating assistant military secretary and interpreter.

Rushing out of a barn at the Border Farm, Abbey Town, Cumberland, a cat knocked over a lighted oil lamp and set fire to the place, causing considerable damage.

Permission was yesterday given to place a small cable down the face of the Embankment wall and across the river bed to H.M.S. Buzzard, lying in the Thames, off Blackfriars.

In memory of Mr. Mocatta, the Jewish philanthropist, a Jewish museum and library will be erected. At present there is no museum devoted entirely to objects of Jewish interest in this country.

"How far would brown instead of white pottery insulators mitigate the unsightliness of telegraph and telephone posts?" asks a correspondent. In a well-timbered country they would hardly be noticeable.

Two more of London's literary landmarks are threatened. One is the house in Russell-street, Covent Garden, where Charles Lamb wrote nearly all the "Essays of Elia," and the other is the house in Edwardes-square, Kensington, where Leigh Hunt lived for eleven years.

February 7 is the date fixed upon by the Admiralty yesterday for the assembling of the Atlantic Fleet at Portland.

On a visit to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, at Dublin, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough left Euston yesterday.

Baldernston, with a population of 2,203, and a rateable value of £15,000, just outside Newark, enjoys the reputation of not having a single lighted street. Public lighting has been voted against.

When admitted to the Bridlington Workhouse an old man was found to be wearing three coats, two waistcoats, two pairs of trousers, eight shirts (two dress shirts), and six pairs of stockings.

"All round my hat," a ditty as much the rage in London in the mid-'forties as "Bill Bailey" is to-day, was being plaintively sung by an out-of-work with a wheezy voice in Islington yesterday.

Three male paupers talked so loudly at Sunday's Church Service at West Ham Workhouse that the preacher was upset, and they were given into custody. Yesterday they were sent to gaol at Stratford for disorderly conduct.

Immediately Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Hicks's new baby made its welcome appearance, Mr. Charles Frohman not only cabled his good wishes, but inquired the young lady's terms for an engagement under his management next season.

TSAR TO BE TRIED AT SMITHFIELD.



A jury of market salesmen has been empanelled to try the Tsar by effigy. If found guilty the above life-size figure, now being exhibited at Harris's Corner, to be hanged with grotesque formality on Thursday.

Captain Hobart, Liberal candidate for Southampton, was yesterday stated to have withdrawn.

Some interesting letters, two of which are dated 1841, from Charles Dickens to George Catmole, the artist, will shortly be sold by Messrs. Sotheby.

"Please to receive the enclosed £5 note; the sender thinks the corporation has more right to it than he has," wrote some one with a conscience to the treasurer of the Corporation of Manchester.

Paddington Borough Council is organising a deputation to point out to Mr. Walter Long the serious effect which the new regulations for heavy motor traffic will have upon the roads and traffic throughout London.

Unless a Bishop comes to the rescue there will be no Church Congress this year. Yarmouth had been decided upon as a meeting-place, but the Bishop of Norwich practically declines to preside, and the Bishops are to discuss the situation before Parliament meets.

Caught helping herself in a Holloway confectioner's shop, a middle-aged woman watched a glass dish containing cakes from a table and proceeded to pelt a lady and gentleman sitting close by with the contents. At Marylebone yesterday the woman was sent to gaol for twenty-eight days.

An Axminster widow lies in a precarious condition in the hospital owing to burns caused by setting herself on fire whilst smoking in bed.

The disused Newport Workhouse, Co. Mayo, was put up for auction on Saturday, and knocked down for £430 to the Congested Districts Board.

Following the lead of the City, Camberwell Borough Council will be recommended to-morrow to adopt important regulations and suggestions of the Hairdressers' Guild.

Because she spoke in a halting manner a Nottingham woman charged with stealing a sovereign was asked to open her mouth, when a sovereign was found under her tongue.

Andover was shocked yesterday by the tragic suicide of Mr. G. Gould, a well-known Norwich resident, who was on a visit to his brother, who is suffering from influenza. Mr. Gould had himself only just recovered from the same complaint, which left him depressed.

Archbishop Ireland dresses so unostentatiously that in a rural district the other day a woman asked him if he were a priest. Hoping to put her at her ease by not disclosing his high rank, he said he was "no longer a priest." With a pitying glance the woman replied: "Oh, the Lord help us, father! It wasn't the drink, I hope?"

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal Photographs in To-day's

"Daily Mirror."

ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM RUSSIA.

It is natural that no event during the disturbances in Russia has aroused such indignation in this country as the unprovoked attacks upon the British Consul-General and the Pro-Consul by Hussars in the streets of Warsaw, and the photographs on page 1 of the places where the incident occurred in each case have therefore a particular interest. Captain Murray, the Consul-General, was attacked in the Wierzbowa Street by a Hussar, who attempted to ride him down, and he only escaped serious hurt by the opportune slipping of his opponent's horse. Mr. Mucukain, the Pro-Consul, who was attacked in the Marzalkowska street, was less fortunate, for he received two severe sabre cuts across the face which inflicted terrible wounds.

The photographs of the two journalists—M. Khishnikoff and M. Ganheiser—who with others have been arrested by order of General Treppoff, the Dictator of St. Petersburg, and will, it is feared, be sent to Siberia, are eloquent testimony of the determination of the authorities at all costs to deny even the semblance of free speech to the people.

An interesting portrait is that of Lieutenant Hartsoff, the officer who was in charge of the gun that fired case-shot at the Tsar during the artillery salutes in connection with the ceremony of blessing the Neva. He was at once arrested, and his fate has not transpired, although it has been officially stated that the firing of shot instead of blank cartridge was merely accidental.

FELLING A CHIMNEY.

We are able to reproduce on page 9 an excellent photograph showing the actual destruction of a tall chimney-stack at Hapton Brickworks, near Accrington.

J. Smith, the well-known chimney-breaker, of Rochdale, undertook to bring it down without damaging surrounding property, and fulfilled his task admirably. A large amount of brickwork was removed from one side of the base of the chimney and its place filled with wooden props. When all was ready a fire was made with pitch, coal, and petroleum, and twenty-two minutes afterwards, the props having been burned away, the chimney fell in the exact spot marked out for it.

Over a thousand interested spectators watched the operation.

AN EXTRAORDINARY GIANT.

The imposing specimen of humanity whose portrait appears on page 9 will shortly appear at the Hippodrome, where it is safe to prophesy he will be literally a great attraction.

The Chinese and Irish giants who have from time to time made more or less of a sensation are said to be dwarfs compared with "Machnow," as this latest son of Anah is styled. He wears the largest hats ever made for a human being, we are told; his frock-coat cuts into sufficient material to clothe five ordinary men; he cannot sit in an ordinary omnibus, and when he walks in the streets is in constant danger of receiving a blow in the chest from the sunblinds outside the shops.

"Machnow's" boots cost eight guineas a pair, and his socks have to be specially woven for him. On one finger he wears a gold ring which weighs nearly half a pound. Yet, curiously enough, his neck is so small that his collar would be too tight for many a man half his height.

His appetite is enormous, as befits a man of his bulk. At his dinner, which he takes at 5 p.m., he consumes three to five pounds of meat, fish, and vegetables and some three pounds of bread. One or two quarts of beer complete the repast.

TSAR AND SMITHFIELD.

Butchers Will Sit in Judgment on Him, and Hang Him As "Guilty."

His Imperial Majesty, Nicholas II., the Tsar of Russia having been charged with permitting wholesale murder, and found guilty by a jury of Smithfield meat salesmen, his life-sized model will be publicly hanged outside the Central Meat Market.

This notice, neatly written on the back of one of the cards of Mr. "Bilby" Harris, the sausage king, announces a solemn and imposing ceremony that will take place outside Smithfield Market on Thursday.

A life-sized wax model of the Tsar is now being prepared, and also a uniform, correct to the smallest detail.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are at
12, WHITEFRIARS-STREET,
LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 2190 Holborn.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflected," London.
PARIS OFFICE: 25, Rue Talbott.

Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, JANUARY 31, 1905.

THE SERVANTS WE DESERVE.

WE have heard numberless reasons suggested for the scarcity of good domestic servants, but we do not remember to have seen stated so convincingly before the one which the new Lady Barrington, who was married only last week, propounds in one of the reviews this month.

Her view is that the shortcomings of modern servants are quite as much at their employers' doors as at their own.

Fifty years ago the heads of families spent most of their time in their own houses or on their own estates, kept the household together, and made a comfortable home for their family and servants.

Now, in the restlessness of an age when scientific discoveries have almost abolished distances, country house visits and travelling abroad are the order of the day, and servants are consequently in many cases thrown out of employment every few months, or what is equally bad for them, left at home on board wages to do nothing.

These methods are scarcely favourable to attaching servants to their masters or to inspiring them with consideration for their employers' interests.

Even in quiet houses there is much more entertaining nowadays than there used to be, much less regularity of hours, much more coming and going and general disturbance of settled order. All this means more work for the servants.

One member of the family wants breakfast early; another must have it late; a third likes it taken up to her room. Compare this with the bygone custom of a recognised breakfast hour, at which all had to be down upon pain of missing their meal.

Ten o'clock used to be the usual locking-up time. Nowadays few people think of going to bed much before midnight. Suppers after the theatre are in frequent demand.

Even if the evening be spent at home, friends are generally called in to keep boredom away. The servants can hardly be expected, as Lady Barrington cogently remarks, to appreciate "the longer hours and harder work entailed by modern society demands and entertainments in which they have no share."

Nations, it has been said, get the rulers they deserve. The same phrase might be applied to employers of servants, and with even more point.

CAN EARLY CLOSING BE ENFORCED?

THE Shop Hours Act, which came into operation at the beginning of this year, seems likely to share the fate of much other hasty and ill-considered social legislation. Already there is an agitation afoot to get it repealed, but it is quite possibly that repeal may not be necessary. The obvious objections to it will probably result in its being quietly left to become a dead letter.

It is clearly unfair to expect all the shops in any district to close at the same hour. The big ones get all their business done by seven or eight o'clock. Many of the small ones do their briskest trade in the evening hours. The argument in favour of uniform closing is that the customers of the latter could do their shopping earlier, if they liked. But that begs the whole question.

We have the greatest sympathy with over-worked shop-assistants. Anything that can be done to protect them, so long as it does not inflict hardship or undue inconvenience upon others, we shall heartily welcome. But the small shops which are busy in the evenings do not, as a rule, employ assistants at all. They are generally served by their proprietors. The enforcing of the Act passed last year would not benefit many of those in whose interests it was introduced. On the other hand, it would have a disastrous effect upon a great many small businesses.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Happy the man, in busy schemes unskilled,
Who, living simply, like our sires of old,
Tills the few acres which his father tilled,
Vexed by no thoughts of usury or gold.

Horace.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

TO-DAY the Prince of Wales will bring his visit to Lord Ardilaun to an end, and, leaving Ashford by a midday train, will reach Dublin in the afternoon. His Royal Highness's visit to the Lord Lieutenant and Lady Dudley will be more a formal one than that which he has been paying at Ashford, but it ought to be none the less very interesting, for a house-party of most distinguished people have been asked to meet him. Dublin is now very full indeed with sight-seers, and there has been a regular immigration

thither this week of those who are to meet the Prince during his short visit.

Some very amusing stories are told about the childhood of Prince Eitel Friedrich, the favourite son of the German Emperor, who is now so seriously ill. He was a little spoilt, as favourites always are, when very young. One day he absolutely refused to take his morning bath. Nothing was said at the time, but when, later in the morning, Prince Eitel went out for a walk, he noticed that none of the sentinels outside the Palace saluted him. He valued their salute very much,

and therefore complained to his father that it had been omitted as soon as he got home. The Kaiser simply shook his head and said, "No guard would ever salute a dirty boy."

From that moment Prince Eitel never refused his bath. His other weak point was his table manners—a weak point shared in by most of his countrymen, by the way. He refused to eat some chicken with his knife and fork, preferring his fingers. The Emperor told him that as he "believed like a little dog he must go where little dogs have their place—under the table." Prince Eitel withdrew at once and remained ominously quiet for a time. At last the Emperor called to him, and perceived with horror that he had not a rag of clothing on him. "As I am a little dog," he explained, "I took off my things because little dogs don't wear clothes."

The Archdeacon of Westminster (Dr. David Wilberforce), whose daughter Violet's engagement has just been announced, must not be confused with Dr. Ernest Wilberforce, the present Bishop of Chichester. They are brothers, but men of rather different character. The Bishop is a capital raconteur. One of his best stories is that of a certain country rector whom he knew, and who was famous for his great politeness.

This rector had once to read the Office for the Churching of Women over the squire's wife, who was a titled woman, and may be called Lady F. The rector's politeness forbade him saying "Save this woman, Thy servant," so he altered the phrase to "Save this lady, my parishioner." The squire meanwhile was heard to respond: "Who puttest her Ladyship's trust in Thee." On those lines the service was made decidedly more genteel.

There is a great deal of speculation going on in legal circles as to who may succeed Sir Francis Jeune in the difficult position he is leaving. Sir Edward Carson, who has declined, it is said, to undertake the task of settling other people's matrimonial difficulties, would have been just the man to fill it. He would have had plenty of opportunity, certainly, for the display of his biting wit. Sir Edward is a man who has really made two careers—one at the Irish Bar, and one in England.

Everyone thought he was making a great mistake when he left Ireland. But his energy and brilliant methods of cross-examination soon brought him big cases over here, and within a year he became a Q.C. His cross-examinations were famous in Ireland. Once he was defending some college students in Dublin for assaulting a book-maker by trying to throw him into the sea. "How did you know they were going to drown you?" asked Carson. "How? Begorra, didn't they hold me by the leg over the say wall." "Which leg?" demanded the lawyer. "Was it the black leg?"

Sir Edward Carson enjoys better health now than he used to. He looked at one time strangely cadaverous, dark-skinned, and eagle-eyed. That was mainly because he was a martyr to dyspepsia. Then, one day, on the advice of a friend, he took to drinking absolutely nothing during meals. This he found so efficacious as to make him a new man. He is now more energetic than ever. He is fond of sport—racing especially—though not extravagantly.

It is interesting to think that Mr. William Ganz, who began a season of his musical evenings at 109, Harley-street last night, was the means of introducing Mme. Melba to the London public. Mr. Ganz's first concert was given in 1855, so that he has a half a century's record behind him. Melba first sang for him in 1885. He admired her singing very much and recommended her to Carl Rosa, the famous impresario, who made an appointment to hear her. Unfortunately he wrote the appointment on his shirt-cuff. The consequence was that Mme. Melba waited in vain for him.

All Mr. Willie Edouin's admirers, will be delighted to hear that he is soon to reappear in the greatest of all his successes—as Nathaniel Glover in "Our Flat." As an actor, this very popular comedian has had a good many ups and downs, but he has a great ambition to be his own manager, and has sometimes refused big offers—occasionally as much as £100 a week—in order to remain relatively independent. He is an enthusiastic backer of horses, and has often stopped in the midst of a rehearsal to find out "who's won."

IN MY GARDEN THIS MORNING.

JANUARY 31.—It is a good plan to order seeds early, as there is less danger then of purchasing unfruitful ones.

Hardy annuals should be sown in every garden. Sweet peas, nasturtiums, sunflowers, cornflowers, mignonette, etc., are not only beautiful, but interesting and easy to grow. If early blooms of the sweet pea are desired, a few seeds can soon be sown on a warm, sheltered border, when the weather is favourable.

Before sowing, the soil should be dug to the depth of two feet and well manured. Sow the seeds several inches apart. Well-cultivated sweet pea flower continuously for more than two months, and have large, fine blooms. E. F. T.

ANOTHER PAINFUL CASE OF RABIES.



Admiral Rojstvensky is now regarded as harmless, but the Cossacks in Warsaw, who have been riding down British officials, seem to have caught his complaint.

A WOMAN OF THE HOUR.

Lady Jeune.

IF anyone were to ask: "Who is the most famous hostess in London?" there would be no need to stop and think for an answer. It is Lady Jeune, wife of the President of the Divorce Court, without a shadow of a doubt. Now, on Sir Francis Jeune's retirement from that arduous post, she is to be a peeress.

And not only is she famous as a hostess, but it is as a hostess that you see her at her best. Her rooms are to be found packed with almost every notable person in London, and among them she moves, talking art with one, politics with another, and sport or travel with a third. There does not seem to be a single subject on which she cannot talk, and talk well, or a person in "Who's Who" whom she does not know.

There is no mistaking her on such occasions. You move towards the corner of the room where there are most people, when the conversation is most animated and the laughter most frequent, and there you will find an active, little "grande dame," with preternaturally bright eyes and grey hair, almost white, bandying the readiest wit with all around. That is Lady Jeune—the most famous hostess in London.

But her success as a hostess is not her only claim to fame. She writes, chiefly for American magazines, on social topics both well and often, and one volume of essays from her pen has run into many editions.

In the field of charity she works hard, too, directing her energies mostly towards sending city children into the country. She loves the country herself, and is deservedly proud of her flowers.

Sir Francis Jeune is her second husband, and she has two girls by her first marriage, one of whom was married not long ago to Mr. St. John Brodrick, then Secretary of State for War. The second is married to an M.P., Mr. Allhusen.

(Sketch of Sir F. Jeune on page 11.)

THE POET LAUREATE ON SHAKESPEARE.

Mr. Austin Rises to Poetry At Last.

The unexpected has happened. Mr. Alfred Austin has written a good poem. In the "National Review" (an exceptionally good number) he has a sonnet on the proposal to erect a statue to Shakespeare in London, which really rings true and has a touch of the grand style. Here it is:—

Why should we lodge in marble or in bronze
Spirits more vast than earth, or sea, or sky?
Wiser the silent whisperer who con-
Tains their page for Wisdom that will never die.
Unto the favourites of the passing hour
Erect the statue and unveil the bust,
Whereon contemptuous Time will slowly shower
Oblivion's refuse and neglectful dust.
The Monarchs of the Mind, self-sceptred Kings,
Need no memento to transmit their name:
Throned on their thoughts and high imaginings,
They are the Lords, not servitors, of Fame.
Raise pedestals to perishable stuff;
Gods for themselves are monument enough.

A Foggy Excuse.

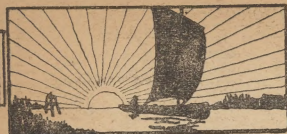
Clerk (briskly): Very sorry I'm late this morning, sir; it was the fog.

Employer (incredulously): Fog? Why, Jones tells me the trains on your line were running quite to time to-day.

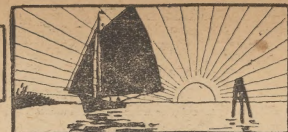
Clerk (disconsolately): Yes, I know; that's just what made me late!

Mirandy: Paw, that chap from the city has been sittin' on the fence all the morning saying naughtin' except that he was gettin' some local colour.

Pop: Well, I guess he's got it. That fence has been painted.—"Life" (American).



'MIRROR' CAMERAGRAPHS



ST. PETERSBURG UNDER MARTIAL LAW.



Soldiers bivouacing in the Nevsky Prospect, St. Petersburg. All the streets and bridges leading to the Winter Palace are occupied by military in this manner.—
(Copyright, Kodak, Ltd.)



Squadron of cavalry occupying one of the principal squares near the Winter Palace, St. Petersburg.

TO-DAY'S WEDDING.



Miss Ursula Corbett and Mr. C. F. Halford, D.S.O., who are to be married at St. Peter's Church, Warfield, Shropshire, to-day.

'DAILY MIRROR' LYCEUM WEEK



The Lyceum Theatre, which the *Daily Mirror* will manage for a week, commencing on Monday next, to test the value of a wholesome variety entertainment at moderate prices.

FIRE ON A CHANNEL STEAMER.



Great Western Railway Company's steamer Roebuck, which was practically destroyed by fire while lying in dock at Milford Haven.

FIRE BRIGADE SUPERINTENDENT.



Mr. W. T. Emanuel (standing), who has just been appointed superintendent of the London Fire Brigade in charge of the West End district. The officer seated is Superintendent Williams, of the Clerkenwell district.

GUARDIAN OF BRITISH



Sir Charles Hardinge, the British Ambassador to the Russian Government to hold an inquiry into the explosion of the *Glory*, British Consul-General at Warsaw, and will demand full reparation.

CONVERTING UNDERGROUND.



Mr. Alexander (standing by the piano) London. He has been conducting some of the undergraduates fervently joined in the *'Glory Song.'*—*Daily Mirror*.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS OF

THROUGH MIRROR LENSES

INTERESTS IN RUSSIA.



Petersburg, who has asked the
attack upon Captain Alexander
the pro-Consul, Mr. Fitz Muc-
for the outrage.

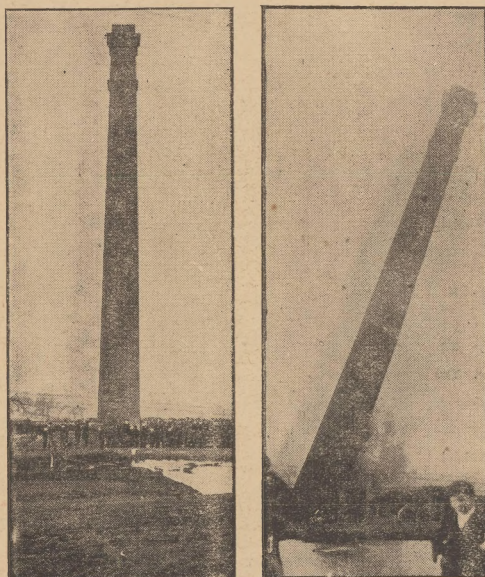
SCENES AT CAMBRIDGE.



ist of the coming mission in
at Cambridge, where many of
ing of the revival melody, the
copyright.

PHOTOGRAPHS - SEE PAGE 6.

RAZING A CHIMNEY STACK.



The first photograph shows the great chimney stack, at Hapton
Brick Works, which has just been razed to the ground. It stood
one hundred and fifty feet high and weighed seven hundred tons.
In the second picture the stack is shown as it fell to the ground.

CENTURIES OLD TREES FELLED.



One of the old trees which have just been displaned in the
Temple Gardens, to give the younger trees a better chance of
spreading their branches.

GIANT'S VISIT TO LONDON.

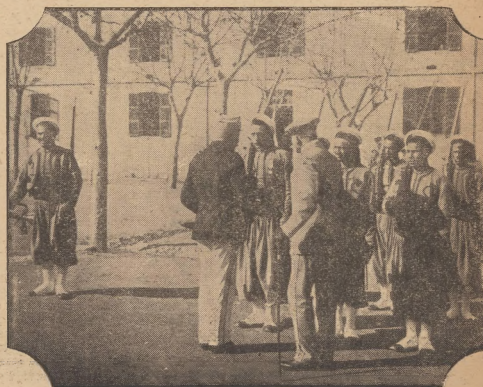


This modern Gulliver is to appear at the London Hippodrome
next week. He is believed to be the tallest man who has yet ap-
peared before the public.

DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT'S VISIT TO THE MEDITERRANEAN.



The military Governor-General and Admiral Perein receiving the
Duke and Duchess of Connaught and party at Algiers.



The Duke of Connaught conversing with some veteran soldiers
in the courtyard of the military barracks at Algiers.

"DAILY MIRROR" GENERAL ELECTION.

Striking Feat of Journalistic Enterprise Continued.

YORKSHIRE ESTIMATES.

(Continued from page 5.)

Halifax (2)—Mr. J. H. Whitley (L.) and Mr. James Parker (Labour). Labour gain. Sir S. Crossley (C.) will probably be displaced. The proposed change in our fiscal policy meets with few adherents.

Hull (Central)—Sir Seymour King (C.), the well-known Indian banker and a suitable representative of the commercial centre of the city, will probably retain the seat. No change.

Hull (East)—Mr. T. R. Ferens (L.), managing director of "Reckitt's Blue," who employs a great number of hands in the constituency, will succeed Sir J. F. Firbank (C.), who is retiring. He is a free-trader and passive resister. Liberal gain.

Hull (West)—Mr. C. H. Wilson (L.), is certain to be returned. No change. Mr. Wilson's personal popularity and free-trade views render his seat impregnable.

Leeds (Central)—Mr. Gerald Balfour (C.), president of the Board of Trade, will retain the seat. His opponent's chances in this essentially commercial constituency are infinitesimal.

Leeds (East)—Mr. O'Grady (Labour), with the support of the Liberals, which he is sure to get, will have little difficulty in beating Mr. H. S. Cauley (C.), who is again coming forward. Labour gain.

Leeds (North)—Mr. Rowland Barran (L.), the only candidate yet in the field, may, even if opposed, rest confident of success. He strongly opposes the Education Act and alone will secure him the Nonconformist vote. No change.

Leeds (South)—Mr. Lawson Walton (L.). No change.

Leeds (West)—Mr. Herbert Gladstone (L.), who has never been defeated since he succeeded his distinguished father a quarter of a century ago, is certain of victory. No change.

Middlesbrough—Mr. Havelock Wilson (Labour) will defeat Colonel Sadler (C.) on the free food question. Labour gain.

Pontefract—Mr. Nussey (L.). No change. No Conservative yet in the field. If, however, a Government nominee is forthcoming, the Socialists will support him, and thereby imperil the Liberal seat.

Scarborough—Mr. Charles E. Hunter (C.) will probably win the seat for the Conservatives. Conservative gain. The Liberals are at "sixes and sevens." Education and tariff reform are most widely discussed in the constituency.

Sheffield (Attercliffe)—Mr. Batty Langley (L.). No change. The division is strongly Liberal.

Sheffield (Brightside)—Mr. Tudor Walters (L.) is expected to easily oust Mr. Fitzalan Hope (C.). Liberal gain. The constituency always returns a Liberal until the last election.

Sheffield (Central)—Colonel Sir Howard Vincent (C.). No change.

Sheffield (Eccleshall)—Mr. S. Roberts (C.) should have no difficulty in defeating a weak opposition. No change.

Sheffield (Hallam)—Mr. Stuart-Wortley (C.) has

held the seat since the last Redistribution Act and should win easily. No change.

Wakefield—Mr. E. A. Brotherton (C.). No change.

York (2)—Mr. J. G. Butcher (C.) and Mr. C. D. Fabian (C.) will retain their seats. No change.

The Conservative organisation is perfect.

YORKSHIRE COUNTIES.

Barkston Ash—Mr. J. O. Andrews (L.), a Leeds barrister, is expected to win by a narrow majority. Liberal gain. The education question will be the chief point on which the election will turn.

Barnsley—Mr. Joseph Walton (L.) will be again returned against all comers. The particular questions are protection, Eight Hours Bill, and Chinese labour. No change.

Buckrose—Mr. Luke White (L.) will be returned unopposed. No change.

Cleveland—Mr. Herbert Samuel (L.). No change.

Cole Valley—Sir James Kilson (L.) is unlikely to meet with opposition. No change.

Doncaster—Mr. C. N. Nicholson (L.) will probably oust Mr. Fison by a substantial majority. Liberal gain. The fiscal question will predominate.

Elland—Mr. C. P. Trevelyan (L.), the sitting member, will increase his majority. No change. The Education Act has aroused widespread indignation.

Hallamshire—Mr. J. Wadsworth (L. and Labour), Yorkshire Miners' Association agent, will succeed Sir F. Mappin (L.). No change. The unsatisfactory state of trade union law has greatly concerned the constituency.

Holdeston—Mr. Stanley Wilson (C.) will beat Mr. E. J. Wilberforce, a grandson of the great emancipator, after an exciting race. No change.

Holmfirth—Mr. H. J. Wilson (L.). No change.

Howdenshire—Colonel Harrison Broadley (C.). No change.

Keighley—Mr. J. Brigg (L.). No change. The cause of protection finds few adherents.

Morley—Mr. A. E. Hulton (L.). No change.

Free trade opinion is said to be so strong that almost any adherent could win on that issue alone.

Normanton—Mr. William Parrott (Labour and L.). No change. No Conservative yet in the field.

Osgoldcross—Mr. Compton Rickett (L.). The main issue will be the fiscal policy, chiefly in relation to the coal tax and imported bottles.

Olney—Mr. J. H. Duncan (L.). No change.

Pudsey—Mr. George Whitley (L.). No change. No Conservative opponent yet forthcoming.

Richmond—Lord Ronaldshay (C.). No political change. The Conservative candidate is the son of the Earl of Zetland, whose family is very popular in the constituency.

Ripon—Mr. J. L. Wharton (C.). No change. A reduction of the sitting member's majority is anticipated.

Rotherham—Sir W. Holland (L.). No change.

Shipley—Mr. Percy Illingworth (L.). Liberal gain. Sir Fortescue Flannery's views on fiscal reform are expected to lose him many influential workers.

Skipton—Mr. Richard F. Roundell (C.). Conservative gain. Mr. Roundell is very popular with all classes of the community, and has done much to promote the agricultural industry. On the other hand, the Liberal candidate is little known in the district.

Sowerby—Mr. J. S. Higham (L.). No change.

Spenn Valley—Mr. T. P. Whittaker (L.). No change.

Thirsk and Malton—Viscount Helmsley (C.). No political change.

Whitby—Mr. Ernest Beckett (C.). No opposition to Mr. Beckett's return is anticipated. The Conservative candidate is a pronounced Free Trader.

(To be continued to-morrow.)

TWO NEW PLAYS.

Interesting St. James's Curtain-Raiser and a Stage Society Piece.

Mr. Alfred Sutro was born with the dramatic sense. He showed it in his Maeterlinck translations. He shows it in "The Walls of Jericho." It appears again in the little piece called "A Maker of Men," which now precedes the ever-fresh and ever-amusing "Lady Windermere's Fan."

It is just a scrap of the life of a bank clerk and his wife. The clerk misses a chance of advancement and calls himself a wretched failure, and pities his wife for having married him.

She tells him, in return, that no one could be happier or prouder than she is with his love and their three boys, whom she is making into men.

Just a scrap, and baldly told thus it may sound a trivial scrap. But Mr. Sutro puts into it so much tenderness and gets so near the heart of life that he wins our gratitude for as true and touching

MISS EDYTH OLIVE,



Who has made a hit in "A Maker of Men" at the St. James's Theatre.—(Russell.)

and original a curtain-raiser as one could desire. Miss Edyth Olive and Mr. Graham Browne play the two parts and are both very good.

If Mr. George Street had only learnt the art of unfolding character like Mr. Sutro, his comedy, "Great Friends," would better have repaid the Stage Society's enterprise in producing it.

His characters are neatly drawn, but their movements are aimless. Baldwin, M.P., obviously prefers the company of Lady Raffin to that of Miss Pontemarex, whom he is going to marry. Yet we are asked to believe that he is really in love with Miss Pontemarex all the time. Lady Raffin says herself that she does not know whether she wants Baldwin as a friend or a lover.

In fact, they are bloodless, indeterminate people, excellent for a novel, but of very little use for a play.

But Joan was not to be put off with transparent pretence. She came close to her mother and took one of her hands. It was icy cold, and the girl began to chafe it in hers.

"Mother, what's the matter?" she asked. "Nothing—child—nothing," said Vanna; but she could not get her voice back into its usual tone of careless indifference.

"Mother, you've been crying! Something has troubled you," Joan insisted.

"No—no. I was too fish—I was thinking of things—things that are past, Joan, dead and done with." She smiled feebly. "We old people all have our memories, you know."

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl scornfully. "Why, mother, you're younger than I am! Come, sit down, and let me smooth your forehead." Her eyes wandered to the little table, with the cigarette and cigar boxes; she saw the half-smoked cigar on the tiled hearth. Immediately she was up in arms. Here was a tangible enemy. Somebody had been here, and had said or done something to make her mother unhappy.

Vanna saw the glance. She could not bear the girl to ask questions, so she spoke first.

"An old friend of mine was here this evening," she said. "It was that made me sad, child. I have not seen him for years—it brought back the past, so vividly."

"Do I know him?" asked Joan belligerently. Vanna shook her head. "No, child."

"Did he know my father?" asked Joan in a low voice. "Was it that that made you sad?"

Vanna sprang to her feet. It was intolerable. She did not answer the question.

"Let us go to bed," she said quickly. "Tomorrow I shall be all right. I am sure I can sleep. Good-night, my child."

"Good-night, mother dear," Joan was the taller

(Continued on page 11.)

SHAPELY FIGURES

ASSURED BY
THE FAMOUS

"Russell" Treatment

The stoutest men and women may regain a shapely figure, with increased strength and improved health, without trouble or inconvenience, by means of a short course of the famous "Russell" treatment for the cure of corpulency. This unique home treatment, which is opposed to all drugging and wasting processes of fat reduction, effects a decrease of weight from the very commencement. Within four-and-twenty hours the scales will prove a reduction varying from 1lb. to 2lb., even more in pronounced cases of over-fatness. Then, day by day, as surely as the pleasant and easy régime is carefully followed, there is a steady loss of fat until normal weight and correct natural proportions are permanently regained. The tendency to the formation of unwholesome fat is lastingly destroyed. Breathing becomes easy, appetite is greatly improved, and the increased quantity of wholesome food taken has a naturally healthful and strengthening effect upon the entire system. There are no irksome dietary restrictions, and the treatment may be followed in strict privacy. The chief compound, an agreeable liquid, employed in the treatment is purely vegetable and quite harmless to the most delicate person. For a fuller appreciation of the "Russell" treatment, which so many thousands have followed with uniform success, stout persons of both sexes should consult the lucidly-written chapters of "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), by the founder of the treatment. A free copy of this standard book, which contains the recipe of the liquid preparation mentioned above, may be obtained by sending three penny stamps (for postage under private envelope) to Mr. F. Cecil Russell, Woburn House, Bedford-square, London, W.C.

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SOME OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" says: "We cordially recommend 'Corpulency and the Cure' to our stout friends. Since the first success of the treatment, some twenty years ago, the triumphs of this marvellous system for the permanent reduction of Corpulency have increased by leaps and bounds. The 'Lady's Realm' writes: 'This remarkable book contains, besides splendid testimony to the success which has attended Mr. Russell's scientific and rational method, exhaustive information of the best results of all who have a tendency towards stoutness, as well as to those who already groan under the ungraceful burden.'"

POST FREE.

London: Published at Woburn House, 27, Store-street, Bedford-square, W.C.

Ideal Beauty versus Unsightly Obesity.

The following signed article appeared in "Woman":

"Full appreciation of the natural beauty of the graceful combination of curves, and their wondrous harmony, presented by the outline of the unexaggerated healthy human form, which by universal agreement of cultivated peoples constitutes the highest canon of beauty, can only be attained by careful study. But there is innate in everybody, in some degree, this appreciation, and a converse dislike to those departures from his or her standard of beauty which involve a lessening of the pleasure. Possibly no condition in women awakens this sense of disapproval in men, and conscious regret in the unfortunate victim herself as obesity in woman in any marked degree. Though among not a few of the 'savage' tribes this very excess of fat is regarded as a mark of beauty, the ideal of beauty as created by the intellect of Greece, and universal adoption by modern civilisation, vigorously excluded an excess of fat as without the canon of beauty. Even a Bond-street costume of to-day says: 'If you mean to be fashionable (that is, pleasing to the eye) you must have a long waist and no superfluous adipose tissue, and as tight corsets are quite as much tabooed as a too massive figure, you must go to the rescue of the waist and be reduced to proper proportions.' The specialist who will teach a simple and harmless gospel of reduction by safe, healthful, and, withal, pleasant means is Mr. F. Cecil Russell, of Woburn House, Store-street, Bedford-square, London, who makes no secret of his method, but clearly describes it in his book, 'Corpulency and the Cure,' which he will gladly supply to all who send him three penny stamps to apply for it, and send him three penny stamps to cover its postage. ANNE PAGE."

AN MAN IN A MILLION

By CORALIE STANTON
and HEATH HOSKEN.

NEW READERS BEGIN HERE.

A story of tragic irony and of the "eternal triangle"—of two men and one woman.

Vanna Tempest was loved by one, Anthony Heron, a rich financier, and her husband, Dick Tempest, learning of the new love and being the most unselfish of mortals, committed suicide to clear the path for a new wedding. Anthony Heron, the lover, shocked by the tragedy, recoils, and abandons Vanna Tempest. Her persistent worldly-minded woman, Myrtle Somerville, to break the news to Vanna, and offer her £2,000 a year as a consolation.

Vanna Tempest's heart is broken. She lives abroad for three years, and we see her again in Paris with her daughter, Joan, now seventeen. The woman thinks she has crushed her love for Heron, but cannot forget.

At the present point of the story she is concerned with the marriage of her daughter to the Duke of St. Peter's, but Joan is so constituted by the exalted social position of the young man.

One day in a picture gallery she makes the acquaintance of an Englishman, whose personal charm compels her admiration.

She did not intend to see the stranger again, but she is drawn irresistibly to the gallery once more, and he is there. It is Anthony Heron; but she calls him Mr. Anthony, and he only knows her by the name of Blue Eyes. He comes to her and tells her that at last he has met the woman he can love.

In the meantime Vanna, knowing nothing of this, writes to Anthony Heron, asking him to call and see her, and he goes, but with reluctance. From the beginning of the interview her love awakens. Yes, it was no good, it had all come back in a rush—her whole being yearned for him; she had forgotten nothing, not a feature, not a shade of expression, not a tone of his voice. As she looked at him the great tears rose and scalded her eyelids.

And Anthony Heron felt only pain and regret, and was quite blind to what was written in her eyes, because all

feeling for her, save a troubled and remorseful friendship, was dead. He tells her so very gently, confessing that he is in love with a beautiful girl.

"I shall love him all my life. It is my punishment," Vanna cries. "And he is in love with a girl, and he is going to marry her. She is young and beautiful and sweet and fresh and like a rose—and, oh, more blessed than any woman in the world!"

She cried like a desolated child, until it seemed as if the fount of her tears must be dry, and when Joan came in, at midnight, she found her lying there on the ground, before the fire, fast asleep.

CHAPTER XXI.

None are so desolate but something dear,
Dearer than self, possesses or possesses'd.

—Byron.

Somewhere, after that night, when Joan had found her mother lying asleep, with her cheek pillowed on her hand like a child, and vivid tear-stains marring the smoothness of her skin, Vanna and her daughter seemed to draw nearer to one another.

The girl, beneath her reserved demeanour, was so human, so tender, so full of passionate sympathy. She saw that her mother had some inexpressible trouble, and she was a shock to her to find that her cold, proud, brilliant mother could really feel, but at once it enlisted her warm sympathies. There was something of the boy in her nature. She felt that she must take care of her mother, protect her, and fight her enemies.

Vanna was at all times a very light sleeper. As soon as the girl was well in the room, she awoke and suggested to her father that he should go to bed.

Joan saw her reel for a moment and heard her murmur something under her breath, but she could not catch what it was. Then Vanna steadied herself and set her features into a composure that could not hide the traces of the fearful agony that had convulsed her soul.

"You're coming when I expected, child," she said, glancing at the clock. "How absurd of me to fall asleep!"

SIR FRANCIS JEUNE'S RETIREMENT.

How He Conducted the Business of the Divorce Court.

A STRIKING CONTRAST.

Stories and Recollections by One Who Has Long Studied Him on the Bench.

By the resignation of Sir Francis Jeune the Divorce Court loses not only its president but one of the most courteous and popular lawyers that have ever braved its necessarily unpleasant atmosphere and environment. Sir Francis became a Judge of the Division in 1891, and found himself president the very next year, on the death of the late Sir Charles Butt.

After fourteen such years he has well earned his retirement and the peccage that is to be conferred on him.

What sort of a Judge was he? What methods of getting at the truth did he employ? A comparison often helps to bring out the personality with vivid effect. Let me contrast his conduct of cases with the ways of Mr. Justice Bigham, who has lately been taking his place.

The two men, to begin with, differ as much as possible in personal appearance. Sir Francis is tall, slim, bearded and moustached, and aquiline featured. If you take the exact opposite of these attributes you begin to make a picture of Mr. Justice Bigham.

ALWAYS READY TO LISTEN.

But it is in the contrast of their idiosyncrasies that the Divorce Court has been most interested.

Sir Francis has always been renowned for his affable readiness to listen, as fully as the necessity for getting through the list will allow him, to what counsel wish to explain, urge, and dilate upon, in relation to their cases. The president used to even permit himself to listen to the same thing repeated more than once. His attitude seemed to be "many words can do no harm, and may possibly do some good."

His readiness to listen to and argue with the most youthful of rising juniors sometimes gave strangers to the Divorce Court the impression that he had a difficulty in making up his mind. But his hesitation was due to his desire to let counsel have their full say.

Mr. Justice Bigham is an unbeliever in the law's delays. He has an idea that justice can be combined with speed. All that is essential he is ready to hear, but he hates the non-essential. It is said that if there were a dozen Mr. Justice Bighams on the bench, instead of one, the High Court would be several months ahead of its work, not several months behind.

That a Judge is well-read in English literature goes without saying. It is assumed to be true in every case.

Mr. Justice Bigham often "looks" quotations and refrains from quoting. Sir Francis Jeune used to quote at rare intervals.

An untoward circumstance attended the last quotation of the retiring president. When at the "ming-up" in a recent divorce case he used a line

from "Orhella" to elucidate a point. "It is hypocrisy against the devil."

The back of the court was crowded with people interested in some very humble case next on the list—people whose ignorance did not allow them to understand that a fine and solemn line was being apostrophically quoted in relation to a grave and solemn matter. These people laughed. Their laughter was what the law reports call "loud laughter." The rest of the Court was grieved and disgusted.

But the president, with his rare "savor faire," proceeded with his summing-up as if there had been no exhibition of boorishness. Another Judge might easily have made the mistake of angrily commanding silence.

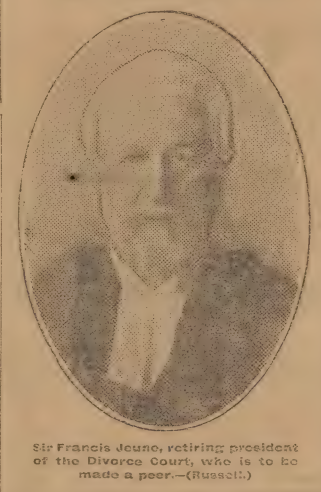
POPULAR WITH COUNSEL.

One of the causes of Sir Francis Jeune's popularity with counsel who practiced in his court was his aptitude for paying them well-timed little compliments. A young barrister recently went to "take a commission" in Italy, and the president was enthusiastic over a plan that this gentleman drew to make some evidence clear.

Some extra-gallant habits of the Divorce Court have occasionally whispered that Sir Francis was inclined to take a sterner view of the enormity of an erring wife's delinquencies than of the corresponding short-comings of the other sex. Support was given to this view by many severe questionings, in the manner of cross-examining counsel, administered to accused ladies whose evidence had been hesitating or reluctant.

Again, he spoke not long ago, with what appeared to be scepticism, of the possibility of men

"THE GREAT SEPARATIST."



Sir Francis Jeune, retiring president of the Divorce Court, who is to be made a peer.—(Russell.)

going through the world unspotted. However, he did not quite mean that, as he afterwards explained.

He will be long remembered as a good Judge, and long regretted by those who practised before him, and their regret at losing him is intensified by the fact that ill-health is the cause.

She did not know why she could not speak of him. A hundred times she had tried to, for she was a truth-loving little soul, and she had an innate belief that all concealment was wrong. But somehow she could not get hold of the right words. Every day for a week after this great change in her mother's manner had taken place she tried to think of some fresh way of explaining the incident. But every way seemed either dreadful or ridiculous.

Then she gave it up. After all, it was only an incident. Mr. Anthony had gone away, and she was not going to keep that appointment that she had made with him. Of course she was not going to keep it.

She could not understand why, immediately she had made this resolution, her life, which was really comparatively crowded with gaieties just then, seemed so very empty and monotonous and flat, and why each day seemed to drag itself out to such an interminable length.

And yet, as far as the gaieties and festivities of Paris can entertain a young girl of her disposition, she had them all to pick and choose from. Already she had become the object of the envy of all her mother's large acquaintance. For, everywhere she went, there was the young Duke of St. Peter's in attendance. He had prolonged his stay in Paris, he religiously haunted all the houses where Mrs. Tempest was to be seen, and Mrs. Tempest now always brought her daughter with her.

Since these new relations had been established between her and her daughter, Vanna found no difficulty in persuading the girl to accompany her. She merely said: "Joan, you must come to the So-and-So's to-night. I enjoy myself much more when you are there."—"It's such fun talking about the people afterwards."

So Joan went to please her mother, and the Duke of St. Peter's was always there. The more the girl saw of him the more she liked him, and the more like Billy he seemed to her to be. She was doubly

ST. PETERSBURG IN DEEP GLOOM.

Everyone Afraid to Speak Above a Whisper of the Terrible Happenings.

(From Our Special Lady Correspondent.)

ST. PETERSBURG, Friday.—On our journey from the frontier to St. Petersburg we heard many rumours of what had happened, and naturally at every station the number of killed and wounded had so increased that, had it been true, there would not have been a living person left in St. Petersburg.

I have never entered a more gloomy-looking city than St. Petersburg at the present time. When I arrived the electric light had been cut off—just a few gas-jets were burning here and there. All the shops were closed and the windows barricaded. Everyone was speaking in whispers, as if they were afraid, should they be overheard, that they would share the same fate as the poor unfortunate people on Sunday.

On the way to our hotel we saw numbers of soldiers parading the streets, and, needless to say, we were not allowed to venture out again that evening. And, as it was feared that a repetition of Sunday's work might take place, all lights had to be put out, although only candles were being used.

I have heard most heartrending stories of the massacre from eye-witnesses, but I have not seen anything myself except a few arrests made.

It is difficult to realise such terrible things have happened in our midst, for the shops have now reopened, all barricades have been removed by the order of the police, the electric light is re-established and people were going about their business in the ordinary way. Everything is as usual, except that the soldiers are still marching through the streets and stationed at every corner.

AN OFFICER'S FEARS.

At dinner yesterday some Russian officers were dining with our party, and one of them—an aide-de-camp to a Grand Duke—told me that he was in fear the whole evening for our safety, for we discussed politics, and not in hushed whispers. He predicted that we should all find ourselves at the frontier within the next twenty-four hours, but nothing has happened yet.

Everyone seems scared to death if you mention anything regarding the situation in a public place. I was also told that some Russian ladies started a fund for helping the strikers, but they have bitterly repented of it, and are in fear for their safety.

It is hard to believe the terrible stories one hears, but I was told by a high official that a soldier in striking pose of the working men cut off the whole top of his head, and for this he was much complimented by his superiors.

I also heard that some who were on their way to Tangkoo Saw, a small province not many miles away, have entirely disappeared. Whether they have been banished to Siberia one cannot tell, but no trace can be found of them.

I hear, too, on good authority, that this whole affair has been got up by the police, in order to overthrow the present Minister of Interior, Prince Minskoff, and that they can persuade the people that the Emperor punishes him for his good, and so re-establishes the peace of the whole Empire.

They had been to see the good-humoured face, and to hear his breezy, chatty, sporting talk, because Billy had been called away to England two days after his brother's arrival in Paris, as his father had suddenly been taken very ill.

Besides, she was going to England herself very soon. Nothing in all her life had ever given her so much pleasure. Her mother had received a very charming letter from Lady Sarah Broadstairs, the Duke's only sister, who kept house for him—and kept it loyally, so people told Vanna, having read accounts of the fabulous hospitality in the illustrated papers—inviting Mrs. Tempest and her mother to make their visit at Petersrock during the month of May.

And then something happened that put a different complexion on the English visit altogether. They had all been out for a long day in the Duke's automobile—Vanna and Joan and Captain Maynard, the young man's agreeable and entertaining kinsman.

They had been to Fontainebleau. They had lunched at the white hotel in the square, opposite the great bronze bull that is one of Rosa Bonheur's greatest masterpieces, and they had wandered about in the glorious forest, and Vanna was entertained by the gallant captain, while Joan and the Duke went for a long, swaying walk.

And after they had been each other good-night, Joan came back to her mother's room and knocked at the door.

"Come in," said Vanna wearily, and, when she saw her daughter, still fully dressed, she went on, "Child do go to bed. I am nearly asleep."

"But I want to talk to you mother. It's very important." She stifled a yawn, stopped brushing her hair, and came and sat down by the fire, all attention. Joan looked a little puzzled, but quite composed.

"When the Duke and I were walking in the

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

PUBLIC-HOUSES AND TEA.

Cannot public-houses be made to supply tea? I was refused it a few days ago at an inn on the Leatherhead Road—"I think it was called the Southborough Arms. 'We are too busy,' they said (quite politely).

I wish, sir, you would publish the names of all houses which decline to provide tea, so that motorists, cyclists, and walkers may know what to expect. MOTORIST.

THE MOTOR AND THE CAB.

I feel sorry for the London cabman, who already feel the shadow of the motor-car over their occupation. What will become of them?

Most of them are too "settled in their minds" to learn how to drive motor-cars of their own accord. Cab-driving does not seem to tend towards flexibility of intellect.

Cabs are doomed, but it seems too sad that cabmen should be doomed too.

THE EXTRA SIXPENCE.

Junior Army and Navy Club.

CRUEL AND DANGEROUS.

Why are small boys allowed to drive carts and horses about London? Everyone knows that it is an art which needs skill and experience, but there is no restriction on who may disorganise the traffic by unskilful driving.

You must have a licence to drive a motor, why not to drive a horse?

And the cruelty to which horses are put by unfeeling brutes who jag and tear at reins, of which they understand nothing, is disgusting.

Comeragh-road, W. FRANK MARSHALL.

MISSIONS AND MONEY IN ADVANCE.

I have been following with interest all matters relating to the coming revival in London, and cannot help feeling sorry that the most potent factor in the Christian religion has (to all appearances) been put aside.

Before commencing the mission the sum of £17,000 is required, but why not start without? The Bible says that "by faith all things are possible." We have, in Muller's Orphan Houses, Bristol, sufficient proof (if proof is necessary) of the efficacy of prayer.

The revival in Wales, too, shows that money is not an absolute necessity. FAITH.

VEGETARIAN DIET A FAILURE.

I notice several people are advocating through your columns the claims of the reformed diet, as they term it. Let me give you my experience.

Some years ago I was impressed by the vegetarian literature and decided to become a vegetarian. The result was I gradually became weaker and thinner. I lost a lot of my energy. I became a martyr to indigestion, and suffered from nervous depression, which brought on heart trouble.

Thinking my diet was wrong, I visited a well-known vegetarian specialist in London, and he gave me a diet for every day in the week, but his diet was so poor it made me worse than ever.

Finally I gave up the struggle after three years and returned to my old diet. In three months I gained 10 lb. in weight, and now, after six months' "carnivorous," I feel and look a new man.

In conclusion, let me advise those who are half-persuaded to think again. It is very humiliating, after preaching reformed diet to your friends, to have to return to the ordo lex living to save your soul.

Goodall Spa, Lincolnshire.

forest," she said simply, "he asked me to marry him."

"And what did you say?" asked Vanna. "I—I didn't say anything—I mean, I told him I didn't know. I had never thought about it."

"I know," said Vanna quickly. "I think he ought to have given you more time."

"He said he had meant to wait until after I had been to Petersrock and met his sister, and all that," the girl went on. "But he said he couldn't help it, and he had to speak. Can you understand, mother, why he couldn't help it?"

Vanna's smile was no longer tender that had curved her beautiful lips for many a long day.

"I think I can understand, dear," she said very gently. "The Duke is young and impatient. You know, Joan, you are a very beautiful girl."

"Oh, mother, you always say I am lanky and awkward and can't wear my clothes! Besides, even if I were nice-looking, the Duke wouldn't want to marry me for that."

"No, I don't think he would. I expect he wants to marry you because you are unique. You are unique, you know, Joan. I can't help saying it, although you are my daughter. For instance, you are probably the first girl he has met who doesn't think more of him because he is a Duke."

"How absurd!" exclaimed the girl. "He can't help that."

"And then you always tell the truth, and you are afraid of nothing—and those are rather rare qualities nowadays, too."

And then a strange feeling came over the girl. She felt that strange sensation, half fear, half delight, that had overcome her when she had been with Mr. Anthony in the Louvre.

And, somehow, she began to understand; and something that she had seen in the Duke's blue eyes told her now that he, too, had his own ideas about this fairyland. But, strangely enough, al-

(Continued on page 13)

A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 10.)

of the two. She bent and kissed her mother gently on both cheeks.

Vanna did not respond. She moved away. In passing a tall mirror she caught sight of herself, and gave a short, hard laugh.

"Do look how I have creased my gown!" she exclaimed. "I'm afraid it's ruined, and it cost a fearful lot—and isn't paid for."

She chattered lightly, while the girl followed her to the door of her room. But she was evidently touched, for, when they reached it, she suddenly put her arm round her daughter's waist and kissed her warmly. It was a more spontaneous, human, motherly kiss than she had given her for many a long year.

"Good-night, my big, wise, good little girl," she whispered. "Never be like you—like your mother. Stay just as you are, and you'll be happy and at peace."

And, after that, she sought her daughter's company. She made her some charming presents, and, if Joan had not protested vigorously, would have bought her a whole heap of new clothes; and she took her out in the automobile, relegating the poodle to the tonneau with the chauffeur.

In deference to Joan's, to her, inexplicable love for the country, she even consented to go out for long days in the motor-car, and she let the chauffeur drive, and she and her daughter sat in the tonneau; and Vanna admired everything that Joan admired, and they talked and laughed and joked together like a couple of schoolgirls.

And yet, despite this new and delightful comradeship, the girl never could bring herself to speak to her mother about the man she had met in the Louvre.

HOW A LADY EARNS HER LIVING AS A HOUSE-AGENT.

A NOVEL ENTERPRISE.

THE LADY HOUSE AGENT AND THE FIRE-ESCAPE.

There are few enterprises started by women of late years that have met with quicker or more remarkable success than has that of Mrs. Arthur Holland, who carried on a business and house agency in London. During her first year she received 11,000 letters, and 9,000 names of desirable clients were entered on her books.

The secret of this success is probably to be explained as follows. We all know the tortures of house-hunting—of darting all over London or the country from one impossible domicile to another. Mrs. Holland having often, before she took up this business, experienced these horrors in her own person, determined to start an agency where, by some means or another, the unfortunate house-hunter might be saved all this unnecessary waste of time and trouble.

Motor-cars for Clients.

House-hunting under her auspices is consequently house-hunting de luxe. First of all, addresses of only those houses are given to her clients that are in all probability likely to suit them. A motor-car or carriage is placed at their disposal, in which to make the tour of inspection. Even when the house is taken the tenant is not deserted and left to wrestle with books of wall-papers alone. Mrs. Holland is an authority on these matters. She has a greatly-admired wall-paper in her own hall on the way to her charming office, and has procured endless pieces of this identical paper for admiring clients. She is now compiling a book of papers from all over the world, including some from America and some most unique and beautiful ones from Japan.

She has also just inaugurated a very original scheme of her own. Some clients come over to England from America or one of the Colonies for a few years. They want a home, yet it does not seem worth the expense of making one. They, therefore, take a flat. They have the amusement of choosing all the furniture, but Mrs. Holland pays for it, and they simply have to add something annually on to their rent for the hire of it. If they prefer it, this obliging caterer will do all the furnishing herself, and since success in this matter comes to the woman of experience, clients would often be well advised in leaving this detail to her.

An Order from Australia.

Mrs. Holland has just received a very large order. She is to provide accommodation for a large deputation, who will visit London, from Australia. This is by no means the first time that she has come to the assistance of Australian newcomers. Some time ago she was surprised by a call from a sailor, who delivered a weather-beaten missive into her hands. She thought that there must be some mistake. But, no, it was quite all right. It appeared that a passenger on board a vessel had seen her advertisement in a paper and had managed to forward a letter by this seafaring bearer, asking her to make all the arrangements for his installation in a flat by the time that he would arrive in London, some few weeks later.

Mrs. Holland has had several curious experiences since she embraced this odd profession. One of the most uncomfortable was when she got locked up in an empty house. There was a peculiar latch to the door, against which she had been warned, but whose oddities she had forgotten, and, having allowed the door to close, no effort would reopen it. All the windows on the ground and first floors were also secured by patent burglar-proof latches.

A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 11.)

though she did not know where Mr. Anthony was, and the Duke had asked her to marry him and was coming in the morning to beg for her final answer, yet Mr. Anthony seemed very near to her, and her impatient lover seemed very, very far away.

And it gave her a feeling of guilt, and she pulled herself together, and turned to her mother again.

"Mother, what am I to do?"

"My child," said Vanna, "what do you want to do?" There was something of alarm in her voice.

"I don't think I know."

Vanna was silent for a moment. She did not know what to say. She would have been hardly human if she had not looked favourably on the Duke as a husband for her daughter. But in other ways a few days seemed to have wrought a complete transformation in her. Only a week ago she had been only too eager to get rid of Joan; now she did not want to get rid of her at all.

"Of course," she murmured at last, "there could be no question of an immediate wedding."

"He said he knew that I was very young, and all that," Joan put in, "and he would wait just as long as I liked, but he wanted to feel that we were really engaged."

"Do you think you care for him?" asked her mother.

"I like him very much, mother—almost as much as Billy; but then that's rather wonderful, isn't it, because I've known him such a short time?"

Vanna looked grave.

At last she managed to open one on the second floor. Then it was a weary while before a milkman, the first person to appear, came that way. The prisoner waved her arms frantically at him, but apparently he thought she was demented, and continued his rounds. Poor Mrs. Holland was distracted. The hours passed by, and she was shivering with cold, for the weather was bitterly inclement. At last another milkman arrived, and he fetched a policeman, who brought with him a huge, high ladder. Of course, an excited crowd collected to know what all the fuss was about. Mrs. Holland

The mauve and cream silk shirt seen on the right is trimmed with stitched bands of mauve cloth, to match the skirt.



On the left is illustrated a design for a white winter shirt, decorated with bands of flannel, embroidered with blue crewels.

THE BRAN BATH.

PLEASANT IN COLD WEATHER.

Cold weather may be very bracing to those who have iron constitutions, but there are those whom it affects most disagreeably. To them the bran bath will appeal.

First of all, before the bath is taken, a quart of bran must be boiled in a gallon of water, and the

strained liquid added to the bath, or else bran bags must be made and used instead of the ordinary washing glove or flannel. In Paris the bran bath is so well recognised that these bags can be purchased in many shops. The recipe for making them is not a complicated one, however, and only includes a number of well-known and easily obtained ingredients.

How the Bags Are Made.

The bags are usually made of butter-cloth, and for the sake of utility may be made about eight inches square. The filling consists of a mixture composed of four quarts of bran, to which have been added one pound of powdered castile soap, one pound of powdered orris root, and half a pound of borax. The gluten from the bran united with the other articles results in a pleasantly mild lather, that not only cleanses the flesh but leaves it most soft and pleasant.

After a bath of this kind, when the condition of the skin is unusually sensitive, it is sometimes necessary to apply an emollient cream or jelly, and nothing better can be found than the following formula: One ounce of gum tragacanth, four ounces of glycerine, six ounces of alcohol, two ounces of borax, and ten to twenty drops of oil of violet. The tragacanth is dissolved in enough distilled water to make a thick jelly, and then the glycerine and alcohol, to which has been added the oil of violet, may be mixed in with the jelly. The borax must be dissolved in water before it is added, and more water may be dropped in until the jelly is about the consistency of honey that will pour nicely.

Good for Chapped Hands.

The advantage of using a jelly of this kind instead of a cream lies in the fact that it may be applied much more easily and absorbs instantly, leaving the body absolutely free from any trace of oil, while it possesses the additional charm of rendering the flesh soft and free from any feeling of irritation or roughness.

Of course, the use of a bran bag is a treatment that must be kept up. It is not alone necessary to use it for one bath, but for every one taken during the cold weather, if the skin is to be kept in a good condition. Indeed, even for washing the face and neck at night, a bran bag may be used with the greatest benefit not only during the winter, but also through the whole year, while for rough or chapped hands nothing can be better than the use of the bran in the water and an application of jelly immediately afterwards.

absolutely refused to descend that perilous ladder, and at last, after an imprisonment of about seven hours, her rescue was effected by means of a fire-escape!

FLOWERS THAT TRAVEL.

The art of packing flowers for shipment to long distances has reached a wonderful state of development. From the moment the bloom is separated from the stem in the greenhouse it is watched and tended as carefully as if it were an invalid being sent on a long and tiresome journey.

"You know, of course," she said, "that to be a duchess is a great thing, and that all the world would bow down to you, and that you would have several enormous houses and be very rich."

"Mother," the girl answered emphatically, "you know very well that I don't care a pin about all that."

"It's because I know it that I don't know what to say," said Vanna slowly. "That would be enough for most girls. I can't help talking like this to you, Joan, although it sounds horrid, because, you see, it is such a frightfully important thing. When one marries a man, one ought to marry him because one must—because the whole width of the universe could not separate one from that man. Now, we can't pretend that you feel like that about the Duke."

"But I don't feel like that about any one, mother," said the girl, and then suddenly she turned her head away, and a great rush of colour mounted up to her very brow.

Vanna looked curiously at the lovely profile. "Joan, it almost looks as if for some reason you wanted to marry the Duke."

"Would you like me to, mother?"

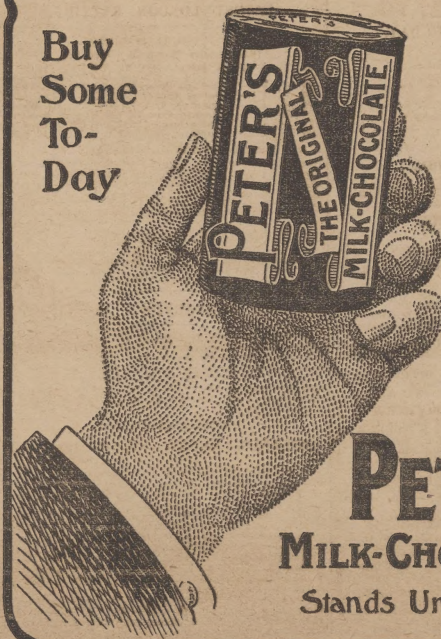
"Of course, I should be pleased," Vanna answered hesitatingly. "I like him immensely. I think he is upright and honourable, and I don't pretend that I wouldn't like to see you occupying a great position. But I don't want you to marry any man, were he a king, if you don't care for him."

"I think I'll say that I'll be engaged to him," said Joan.

(To be continued.)

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LONDON'S VANISHING FOOTBALL GROUNDS.

Where Will the Juniors Play?—
The Corinthians' Shield.

What will the junior clubs do for playing pitches in ten years' time? The interrogator is prompted by the revival of the old cry that our young men are becoming a mere crowd of onlookers, instead of a sturdy band of active participants in the game.

That this sweeping indictment is utterly false can be proved with ease. Let the walkers spend two or three Saturday afternoons visiting the various parks and open spaces, and they will speedily discover that every inch of the space set apart for football is utilised.

In some fortunate districts they have over a hundred pitches at their disposal, and every one will be found occupied. There would be more players if there were more grounds, and though the L.C.C. has done much for the junior clubs there is, I think, a legitimate cause for a grumble at the way in which the football area is "cubbed, cabined and confined" in some of the parks.

The local clubs could indicate many places where the game might be played without detriment to the comfort of non-players, and where at present one's only privilege is that of gazing at and admiring the grass.

Notice to Quit.

Put the clubs that play on the public grounds are only a fair proportion of the thousands who rent pitches just outside the area of "bricks and mortar." It is in this direction that one realises the crisis of the future.

Every season the builder seizes some of the grounds and erects more or less desirable villa residences. The evicted clubs do one of two things. They either cease to exist, or they go still further afield for grounds. Perhaps they might come and play on the public open spaces if they were not already congested.

Sooner or later it will entail half a day's journey to reach the club ground. The district councils of the environs of the metropolis do practically nothing in the matter of the provision of playing-fields. They call in a tiny grass plot, provide a few seats and a few flower-beds, call the spot the "recreation grounds," and are satisfied.

The Gift of the Corinthians.

In 1893 the Corinthians showed their real interest in the promotion of the welfare of the winter game by presenting a handsome shield to the London Schools' F.A. It was a kindly action, and is still appreciated. School football was then in its infancy, but the acquisition of this trophy acted as a great stimulus, and district associations arose on all hands. The area now covered by the L.S.F.A. extends from Acton to Ilford, and from Willesden to Lewisham.

The twelfth final for the Shield will take place on Saturday, the competition being West London and South London. The latter have had a distinguished career in the competition. They won it in the first two years of its existence, and since then they have, with singular consistency, been successful in every alternate season.

But there seems a likelihood of this record being broken this year. Last February West London became the holders, and they are again the favourites, for they certainly have a fine team.

But that South London will not be led like lambs to the slaughter was indicated in the semi-final round, when they met Lewisham and beat them by no fewer than nine goals to nil. There have been very few Corinthian Shield finals that have been one-sided, an odd goal usually deciding the match, and the coming encounter bids fair to be no exception to the rule.

South London have secured the trophy six times, West London and Tottenham twice, and West Ham once.

DOMINIE.

FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO ENTHUSIASTS.

Below will be found a form which will enable football enthusiasts to test their knowledge and skill in the weekly football competition conducted by "ANSWERS." The prize is

£10 10s. EVERY WEEK,

and the rules are simplicity itself. Here is next week's form:—

FREE FORM.

Matches to be Played on February 4,
1905.

ASSOCIATION.

Sunderland v. Wolverhampton Wanderers.
Southampton v. Millwall.
Derby County v. Preston North End.
Middlesbrough v. Tottenham Hotspur.
Preston v. Morton.
Kilmarnock v. Dundee.
Queen's Park v. Heart of Midlothian.

RUGBY.

Blackheath v. London Irish.
Richmond v. Cambridge University.
Harlequins v. Leicester.

Name
Address

Strike out IN INK the name of the team which you estimate will lose, or if you think any game or games will result in a draw leave the names of both teams in.

Coupons must be addressed: "Football," "Answers" Competition Department, 45, Fetter-lane, London, E.C., and must be received by first post on Friday, February 3. Any arriving after that date will be disqualified.

IMPORTANT.—For further particulars, WITH ANOTHER FORM, and other popular contests, see to-day's ANSWERS.

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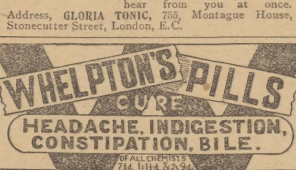
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